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Events of the Week.

WITH the simple Republican ceremonial that is customary, Dr. Woodrow Wilson's Presidency of the United States was inaugurated on Tuesday. A contingent of undergraduates who had attended his lectures three years before gave a character to the processions. One thinks, by way of contrast, of Mr. Roosevelt's Roughriders. The prominence of the Southern element and even of grey-coated Confederate veterans served to emphasise the special historical and local traditions of the Democratic Party. But nothing in the official celebrations was more striking or novel than the great procession of women suffragists, five thousand strong, which preceded it. Dr. Wilson has begun his term of office by refusing to receive aspirants for office, a decision which has startled and pleased public opinion.

His Cabinet is a skilfully combined amalgam of the many sections of the party, half-Southern, half-Northern, and, on the whole, Conservative enough to reassure business men. Its daring and interesting feature is the appointment of Mr. Bryan as Secretary of State. He has always been an opponent of Imperialism and "dollar-diplomacy," and only two days before his entry into office he made a strong pacifist declaration in favor of the

reduction of armaments. Some words of his are much quoted, however, which seem to imply that his tenure may be brief. To a Scottish miners' official, Mr. W. B. Wilson, falls the distinction of being the first Minister of Labor.

DR. WILSON'S inaugural address is a document of rare distinction and elevation of tone, phrased in a cultivated English which no President in our generation has wielded. It begins by waving aside the thought of a party triumph. A party's success means little save when a nation uses it for large and definite purposes. In many forms the thought recurs that the Republic has been wasteful and prodigal in its industrial development, alike of human life and of natural resources.

"We have not hitherto stopped thoughtfully enough to count the human cost, the cost of lives snuffed out, of energies overtaxed and broken, the fearful physical and spiritual cost to the men, and women, and children upon whom the dead weight and burden of it all has fallen piteously the years through."

In a strain that is almost penitential the address goes on to speak of "government too often debauched and made an instrument of evil," and of "something crude and heartless and unfeeling in our haste to succeed and be great." There is no definite programme in the address, but it speaks of the need of reforming a tariff which violates the just principles of taxation and plays into the hands of private interests, and hints at banking and currency reform, at labor legislation, at agricultural reorganisation through applied science and assisted credit, and, finally, at the conservation of natural resources. Such an address, as was natural, has nowhere roused hostility, and has everywhere been well received. Its tone is in deep and striking contrast to the present tenor of European "statesmanship."

THE Powers have taken this week a promising step to end the Balkan War. Turkey has consented to accept their mediation without reserves, and will now assent to the loss of Adrianople. The idea of the Young Turks is apparently to seek compensations by asking the Powers to guarantee the integrity of their Asiatic possessions, to abolish or modify the capitulations, and to assent to an unlimited increase of their customs dues. The Allies have postponed their definite reply until they have had time to consult each other. The chief difficulty on their side will be financial. They demand an indemnity from Turkey, and demur to taking over a proportionate share of the Ottoman Debt. It is possible that they may succeed in one of these contentions, but hardly in both. There is, apparently, a complete stalemate in their military operations. The Young Turks are mainly occupied in dealing with the plots of their internal enemies, and the wandering corps, led by Enver Bey, instead of landing to oppose the Bulgarians, has at length descended near the capital to protect the Government from its own people. On the other hand, the Greeks have secured a brilliant end to their campaign by the capture of Janina, and the surrender of 30,000 Turks. Janina will now, of course, pass to Greece, which has plainly won it, and whose civilising capacity should ensure a great future for Epirus.

THE French militarist movement has proceeded swiftly this week towards its main purpose. On Tuesday, the Conseil Supérieur de la Guerre met under M. Poincaré's presidency, and all the generals who compose it concurred unanimously in demanding the return to three years' service for all arms; without exceptions or exemptions. The controversy is a duel between the Socialists and a practically unanimous middle-class. An identical manifesto opposing all increases in the standing army, and advocating its replacement by a national militia, has been issued simultaneously in France and Germany by their Socialist parties, who are acting in close concert.

BUT even they are preparing for defeat, and speak, in this manifesto, of their resolve to throw the burden of the increases, if they are carried, upon the propertied classes. M. Jaurès, in his daily controversies with the "Temps," has become too much involved in statistical details, and there is as yet no means of judging how far the Socialist campaign is likely to rally the working class. For its own credit the unanimity of the Radical party has been rather tardily broken by the Opposition to the Government's scheme, of MM. de Lanessan and Augagneur and of the "Lanterne." M. de Lanessan asks pertinently how France would fare, if Germany, not content with her present increases, were, in her turn, to cap the French challenge by returning to three years' service. An angry demonstration against war and a war programme which cripples French industry, was made by the Socialists in the Chamber on Thursday on the introduction of the Army Bill, and M. Etienne, who introduced it, was barely able to make his voice heard.

IN Germany, meanwhile, the delay in presenting the new proposals, which will not be ready before the end of March, has given public opinion time to display outspoken disquietude. The "Frankfurter Zeitung" criticises both the military and the financial proposals, and asks whether these "gigantic figures" are not the products of a mere "armaments-drunkenness." With less courage, the rest of the Radical and business press concentrates its opposition against the startling proposal to levy a direct tax on fortunes. The cautious "Vossische Zeitung" thinks it a "declaration of bankruptcy"; the "Berliner Tageblatt" describes it as a romantic harking-back to the memories of the Napoleonic wars, and the "Börsen Courier" censures recourse to an expedient which looks like "the last sheet-anchor of a financially impoverished country." Still more significant is the voice of the "Bayrische Courier," the chief organ of the Catholics, now in keen opposition to the Government. This journal denounces militarism as "consuming" the country, and declares that the Government merely "manures" the soil whence spring Socialism, anarchy, revolution. While the Radicals oppose the proposals as exaggerated, the Conservatives, in their turn, object to any direct tax on property, and their press bureau has officially announced their opposition, at least in part, to the fortune tax.

ON Thursday, the Russian Empire celebrated the three-hundredth anniversary of the accession of that Romanoff dynasty which still keeps it a half-Asiatic and unfree nation on the verges of European culture. The memories which the occasion revives are not such as most royal houses would care to parade. It is true that the Russians, exposed to Mongol and Polish invasion, attained under the early Romanoffs a centralised government. But these first Tsars were the tools of the *boyars*,

and their reigns chiefly marked the rivetting of the fetters of serfdom on the peasantry. The real unification, and with it the establishment of the autocracy and the bureaucracy, began with Peter the Great.

It is only by a polite genealogical fiction that one can speak of a Romanoff family at all. Peter III. was the son of a Prince of Holstein, and partially a Russian only on his mother's side. Paul I. was the son of the German Catherine the Great, but his father was certainly not Peter III. The male members of the House showed every phase of drunkenness, madness, and degeneracy before the eighteenth century closed, and the Court acquired a facility in murdering fathers and sons which placed it on a level with the House of Othman. Respectability began only with Alexander I., who, however, is commonly believed to have been privy to the murder of his father. The guns and the bells have only served to set the scandalous tongue of history wagging.

THE London Progressives have been beaten again, and the Moderates enter the new County Council with a majority of sixteen, to which, if they please, they can add nine aldermen, and which they can use in wasting and depreciating London's common treasure. They lost their leader, Mr. Jackson, but they won nine seats against two Progressive wins. The Progressives lost in Bow and Bromley, Kennington, St. Pancras, and the Hackneys largely through splits with independent Labor candidates, though the advanced Labor Party was practically submerged, and played no part save to assist and emphasise the Moderates' victory. The chief factor in that event, however, is the falling away of the mixed constituencies, like North Paddington, North Kensington, Greenwich, Woolwich, Clapham, and the St. Pancrases, where, in the earlier Councils, the Progressive flag was rarely lowered.

THE first blow to the Progressive cause came when the Tory Government (with the assistance of Mr. Webb) destroyed the School Board and established the Borough Councils. The first act lost the Progressives a large element of Church support, the second weakened the central stream and fed the apathy and sluggishness of local London politics. The contest was largely a class one, and was expressly fixed for the early closing day, so as to play off the shopkeepers against the workmen. The Insurance Act does not seem to have had much effect on the contest. The dominant issue was rates, and the civic sense stirred by the Progressives having declined, middle-class London refuses to spend money to make London either healthy or beautiful for the mass of the people. The Progressives are still a powerful and organised party, but they need re-animating with their old idealism before they can hope to break up the hard mass of timid selfishness which now rules London politics.

THE tardy statement of the case for the Midland Company, taken in conjunction with an admission of the dismissed guard, Richardson, that he would not have refused to carry out the order had he known it to have the sanction of the General Manager, put a different complexion upon the railway issue this week. On the one hand, it appears that the regulation which Richardson insisted on adhering to had not the sanction of the Board of Trade, but was framed by the Company upon their own authority, and so presumably might be superseded by that same authority. On the other hand, Richardson was prepared to risk the danger which the order might have entailed, if he knew it were authoritatively given. Evidently, some temper and some

misunderstanding entered into the quarrel, which was taken up hotly by men smarting under a sense of other grievances, and was exacerbated by the arbitrary tone of the officials. The Company's expression of willingness to reinstate Richardson, if he, on his side, would undertake to obey future orders, may be taken as an admission that the dismissal was an act of indiscretion.

* * *

THOUGH the men's first response was rather defiant in tone, it is impossible to believe that so unsubstantial a difference as now remains cannot be brought to an amicable settlement. The men, we think, are justified in asking that orders over-riding the printed regulations should be given in writing. This is needed in order to fix the responsibility in case of risk. But the public has another comment to make. It has some right to know on what grounds the Company claimed to vary its earlier printed regulations as to the load which a given brake-power could take. Their printed order presumably meant, when it was issued, that such a load as Richardson refused to take was dangerous. Had it ceased to be dangerous a fortnight ago?

* * *

THE Home Office has issued a thoroughly reactionary series of regulations for foreign and British aircraft. We hope they were not prompted by the spiritual (or spirituous) disturbances recently reported in the press, but they have an unpleasant sound in the ears of a free and Free Trade country. Ignoring the development of airmanship from the point of view of commerce and travel, they treat the whole art as if it were military, and especially threatening to this country. Thus the regulations de-insularise Great Britain and Ireland for airmanship, and nationalise the air itself. Yet we doubt whether the history of aviation has disclosed any serious power of reaping military advantages from observations taken in the air. And certainly nothing would seem to be easier than to check attempts to secure them.

* * *

Two sets of prohibitions and regulations are proclaimed. The first prohibits the navigation of aircraft of any description over certain areas, such as forts, naval stations and their adjacent channels and strips of water, and strategic points. The second forbids foreign airships to visit this country until they have obtained a "clearance" from a British consular officer, and have given elaborate details as to character, nationality, cargo, object, and destination. Aeroplanes are dealt with in a slightly less stringent way, but persons in charge of them must give full notice and particulars to the Home Office. None of these vessels will be allowed to carry photographic apparatus, to say nothing of firearms, though it is not easy to see why a camera should be a more perilous object in the air than on land, where it can be used more secretly and at shorter range. Some measure of regulation was, we suppose, inevitable when the attempt to neutralise the air came to nothing. But it is disheartening to find Britain leading the way in panic precautions.

* * *

MR. WILLIAM O'BRIEN made an interesting speech at a gathering of delegates of the All-for-Ireland League, at which Lord Dunraven proposed a resolution for settling the Irish Constitutional question by a conference representative of all nationalities and parties in the United Kingdom. Mr. O'Brien thought that all parties ought now to favor such a mode of settlement, for Mr. Birrell had argued in favor of it, and Mr. Redmond's objections, if he had any, must have been removed by

the Government's announcement that there would be an interval of twelve months between the passing of the Act and the summoning of an Irish Parliament. Therefore, though the veto of the Lords had gone, the veto of England remained. As for the Unionists, Mr. Bonar Law had promised to accept the result of a General Election, as far as the protest of Ulster was concerned.

* * *

THE Session of 1912 is dead, holding the new Session in its arms. Its most significant last acts, performed on Thursday, were to reject the important Lords' Amendments to the Trade Unions Bill, to treat their amendments of the Scottish Temperance Bill as destroying that measure, and to reserve it for the recuperative work of the Parliament Act, and to accept their deletion of the five years' time limit to the Railway Bill. The Government has practically forced the last course on the party and the Commons, who have had to see their will ignored and the trading community sacrificed to the railway companies by a virtual compact between the Peers and the Prime Minister. This is a very anomalous situation. However, the Government's honor is now, in Lord Claude Hamilton's opinion, safe, and that should console the House for much.

* * *

WE are sorry to see that the street crowd all over the country is turning violently on the suffragettes. In London, a meeting in the Pavilion was practically broken up by the device of besieging the building and stopping women from entering. The street propaganda of the movement has been checked, organs used in the cause have been broken, and women hustled and roughly treated. The crowds (largely infused with medical students) have been senseless in their demeanor and coarse in its expression. The police have behaved well, and have properly done their best to ensure freedom of speech and opinion. We hope to see this restored, but surely the suffragettes must realise the absurdity of having to invoke the law for their protection—as they have a perfect right to do—in almost the same breath as that in which they announce their campaign of no law. In other words, they rely on the law to help them to break the law. That may point the old moral that the law is a Hass; but does it not reveal the thin place in the always ingenious logic of the militants?

* * *

HISTORICAL literature and the Society of Friends have both suffered loss in the death of Dr. Thomas Hodgkin on Sunday at Falmouth. Hodgkin followed the Grote tradition of uniting banking with the writing of history, though the eight volumes of his great work, "Italy and Her Invaders," may be judged of lesser rank than the famous twelve volumes of the "History of Greece." A wide range of complementary or lesser works, including a Life of George Fox (not "Charles James," as the "Times" quaintly misnamed it), gave full employment to a life which had many activities, and included a zeal for and great skill in controversial and political writing. He was an admirable master of the literary art, a scholar, but devoting himself to the ideal and picturesque side of history rather than to rigorous and unambitious documentation. He began and ended as a Liberal, with a Unionist interval covering the Home Rule period; and his calm, gracious, and sympathetic qualities of thought and style illumined his frequent letters on politics. He led the simple and dignified life which the traditions of Quakerism approve and maintain.

Politics and Affairs.

THE INSANITY OF EUROPE.

MORALISTS are accustomed to speak of the unity and close inter-relation of peoples in the modern world as though it were a self-evident blessing. What it may be one day is the secret of the dreaming prophet and the theorist. What it is to-day is to all appearance an accumulated curse. All the Continent has taken in the early weeks of this year the resolution to arm afresh, and if one inquires into the immediate cause, the answer is a reference to what has happened in the far corner of South-eastern Europe. The German decision to make an immense increase in her land forces preceded the French proposal to return to the system of three years' service, and all the semi-official explanations of the German attitude refer us to the new portent of the appearance in the Balkans of a military power which must become increasingly formidable. It seems, at a first glance, a frivolously remote explanation. Because the Bulgarians will soon be drilling conscript peasants from Macedonian villages, is that a reason why the lads of distant Normandy should spend an extra year in the barracks? It is a staggering and unwelcome consequence of the intimate reaction of nation on nation, that a military change in the distant and isolated Balkan peninsula should add a score of millions annually, not to mention exceptional expenditure, to the military budgets of France and Germany, with consequences in Russia and Austria which are as yet only a menacing interrogation.

It helps us very little to understand this new phase of militarist folly to be told that the German peoples are in new danger from the Slav peril. Modern statesmen are not, in reality, governed by ethnological sentimentality. It is true that Russia is now a much more formidable military Power than she was when Japan checked her advance in the Far East. But her ambitions seem to lead her rather to Persia and Armenia than to any European goal. It is, moreover, a gratuitous folly to suppose that the Balkan States, aggrandised, federated it may be, and greatly enhanced in prestige and self-esteem, will allow themselves to be in the future what they were only fitfully, if at all, in the past, the tools of Russian policy. Europe made that mistake after the liberation of Bulgaria a generation ago, when she owed profound gratitude to Russia. There is no excuse for repeating this error to-day. There is, indeed, only one danger point which could possibly range the Slav and the German peoples in a real conflict of interest. If Austria and, still more, Hungary continue to treat the Serbs and Croats in their own territories as step-children, it is conceivable that they might in the end provoke the Servian Kingdom and, with it, all the Balkan Slavs into a war of liberation. That would be, if Russia should join in it, a war of Slav against German. But it could come about only by reason of an insensate and illiberal internal policy within the Austrian Empire, and it is hard to see in what sense it could be regarded as a European question. That peasants and artisans in France and Germany should be armed and drilled because

there may, in the dim future, be a question whether Austria can retain her Servian population in a state of semi-freedom, is a *reductio ad absurdum* of the whole theory of the balance of power.

It is probably because this reference to the Balkans supplies a reason for German armaments at which no neighbor can take direct offence, that it has been put in the foreground of the case for the new Army Bill. The real reason is less remote and much more disquieting. No one who compares the comments of French and German newspapers upon this new situation can fail to note their striking difference of mood. The arming of France is part of a general reaction. A romantic cult of the army, preached in all the leading newspapers and presented by the Minister for War, preceded it; a trend towards an emotional view of life accompanies it in literature and art; a rejection of rationalism in abstract thought and an impatience at constructive efforts in politics are the fashionable and popular notes of the day. France is arming gladly, and she makes no attempt to conceal from her neighbors that while she professes a defensive and pacific aim, she has not ceased to dream of the recovery of her lost provinces. The "Temps" will not itself preach *la revanche*, but it bitterly rebukes M. Jaurès when he censures those who do. It is easy, because she is strong, and because her habits of expression are brusque, to think of Germany as a Power which aspires to dominate Europe. The real fact is that she is the only Great Power which is exposed on two frontiers, and her armaments have on this occasion the excuse that both in France and in Russia a chauvinistic tendency is in the ascendant. It is possible, though not at all certain, that under the stress of a seeming necessity the military increases and the new taxation will be voted patiently by the Reichstag. But there is no affectation of enthusiasm, or even of conviction, and newspapers which voice the opinion of the business community are already protesting against the proposed levy on property as a desperate measure which would be justifiable only in time of actual war.

But neither in France nor in Germany can we confidently expect any resolute opposition to this new military extravagance from the middle-class parties. The German Government has sought in advance to placate its Socialists by throwing the whole burden of new taxation on the propertied class. In France, a much more consciously militarist Government so far defers to a much weaker Socialist party that it pledges itself, while reviving the old burdens of the three years' term of service, to avoid the old inequalities and the old details of class favoritism. In both countries the Labor movement is the most serious opponent which militarism has to face. But in neither is it probable that Socialism will be equal to anything more than a rear-guard action, more or less violent and more or less prolonged. In Lord Rosebery's phrase, the nations are still "rattling into barbarism." But we are not yet in sight of the final uprising of Labor which he predicted, when it will intervene with its imperative "Stop this Fooling!"

The return of France to three years' service supplies a precise measure of the worsening of the European position. In 1905 France decided that a two

years term would suffice. In 1913 she repents of her moderation. No one argues that the additional year is necessary for the training of the soldier. The third-year men are wanted solely to cover the frontier against a sudden attack. It is commentary enough on the working of the group system, which smooth apologists applaud as the very mechanism of peace. France and Russia, Germany and Austria, are linked in closer alliance to-day than they were eight years ago, and the only consequence is that all of them are forced into fresh expedients to bring their armies to the maximum. The "Temps" assures us glibly that peace will crown herself with immortal olives when the Dual Alliance has perpetually two and a half millions of armed men in its barracks. There is no finality, even there. In a few years, when the armament firms are hungry for fresh orders, the supreme effort of 1913 will be denounced as perilous moderation. When France has put her last youth into uniform, she will remember her unused reserves of Arabs or negroes, or else she will calculate how much a fresh loan to Russia would add in numbers, efficiency, and mobility, to the Tsar's unlimited legions. When the growth of German armies has outpaced the increase of her population, the Triple Alliance can turn to exploit more completely the military possibilities of Italy, Roumania, or Turkey. The game is never ended, and at each fresh rubber the rivals start with no advantage won. France and Germany are each about to fine themselves their twenty millions annually, and to compel their hundreds of thousands of young men to exchange the home and the workshop for the demoralisation of the barracks. But their relative position will be exactly what it was before this latest effort.

It is this evident historical fact that no Power or group of Powers seems under modern conditions to win a final advantage over its rivals, that makes the strength of the pacifist case for a deliberate and concerted reduction of armaments. If to add twenty millions all round to the budgets of the Great Powers makes no combination the stronger, a simultaneous reduction would alter nothing in their relative strength. While an indefinite series of permutations and combinations is possible in the construction of groups, it is an illusion to suppose that one group can certainly reckon on out-arming or out-breeding its rival. It may seem an untimely moment, while this madness rages as never before, to recur to the ideas which the late Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman set forth in the first number of *THE NATION*. Europe has never seemed less ready to listen to reason. But if there has been a devastating outbreak of folly, there has also been a humiliating exposure of folly. Is it possible that when the French taxpayer makes his fresh contribution he will not reflect that the German taxpayer is also incurring a new burden which cancels his own sacrifice? Is it conceivable that the fresh conscripts on one side of the border can go through their drill without thinking of the new recruits who are training to shoot them down on the other? The metaphor of the balance suggests readily enough the recurring futility of this constant addition of a weight to one scale which is always counterpoised by its equivalent in the other. To assume that the civilised

world will never turn with disgust and shame from such an object-lesson would be to despair of human reason. The last British initiative failed, partly because it was pushed half-heartedly and without faith, but still more because our relations with Germany were at that time deplorably bad. The one hopeful point in the new situation is that this particular antagonism has abated and has been replaced by mutual confidence. A year hence The Hague Conference will meet again. It would be a task worthy of British diplomacy to resolve that it shall not meet without a serious effort to combat this madness of competitive armaments. From Germany we need not fear the old opposition, and from the new President of the United States comes a saner and nobler vision of polity than Europe knows. With Mr. Bryan in charge of its foreign policy, it would be reasonable to expect enthusiastic co-operation. Why, then, should not Britain and the United States, both removed by a blessed operation of Nature from the circle of this frenzied competition, and both under enlightened Governments and leaders, confer with each other as to the best method of saving Europe from herself?

WHAT THE GOVERNMENT HAVE TO FACE.

WE propose in this article to speak with the utmost plainness about woman suffrage, at the risk of offending friends without conciliating foes, because we think the time has come to describe the situation as it stands. That situation, we need not say, is, from the point of view of constitutional politics, a very bad one. The other day the editor of the "Pall Mall Gazette" called upon the Government and all politicians who favor constitutional action to suspend or to veto all further progress with a Suffrage Bill until the present course of outrages has ceased. We could not accept that suggestion; first, because it would be unjust to punish the constitutional majority on account of the acts of the violent minority; secondly, because such a course must inevitably increase the power of that minority within the women's movement; and, thirdly, because it is the historic line of Liberalism to offer reform as the most appropriate remedy for social disorder. It can rely on coercion only, if it pleases. That was the decision to which one section of it inclined at a certain stage of the Irish agitation. But it soon recurred to its accustomed mixture of coercion and conciliation, which, in the end, involved unreserved reliance on the first expedient and the total abandonment of the second. But because Liberalism is debarred from this course of policy, it does not at all follow that the pressure of opinion, acting through Parliament, will not bring it about. As things go, the constitutional movement is being nullified. There is at present no public or Parliamentary force adequate to the passage of a Woman Suffrage Bill. Small as is that force to-day, it will become more exiguous with every fresh outrage inflicted on the general public, and falling like the rain from heaven on the evil and the good, the friends no less than the foes of emancipation. The merely destructive element in the policy of the extremists is, therefore, on

the eve of accomplishment. They helped to destroy the Conciliation Bill. They wish to smash the Suffrage Bill. Presumably they desire the suffrage. But they have come to desire it only as the direct and obvious fruit of their agitation, and by means which that agitation approves and promotes. It is becoming increasingly obvious that their attitude has all but cleared the stage of the Parliamentary method suggested by the Government as the alternative to an amended Franchise Bill.

But that does not exhaust the difficulties of the hour. It cannot have escaped the attention of Ministers that in their attitude to a private Suffrage Bill the constitutionalists have practically come into line with the extremists. Mrs. Fawcett rejects the Prime Minister's proposed alternative, and as she was a real party to the original bargain, we do not see how the Prime Minister can now sustain it. She and her important following have come into line with Mrs. Pankhurst and have demanded a Government Bill. Thus the *démarche* of a private measure is virtually at an end. The Suffrage Bill will fail. There will then be nothing left for it but the coercion of the suffragettes.

It is possible, of course, that this situation will solve itself. The extreme movement may die out, and constitutionalism regain its earlier control. We should have good hope of such a result if the political prospect were more encouraging. But it is not the habit of such agitations to perish absolutely still-born, especially when the cause to which they do extreme moral injury is sound, and its success inevitable, and mere repression makes them flare up again. Moreover, an Administration partly composed of suffragists is in no case to concert and to carry out a policy of undiluted coercion. An anti-suffragist Government is thoroughly armed for such a warfare. It deems the demand for the vote a dangerous delusion for women, and a serious injury to the State. It can, therefore, with a good conscience invoke the rigors of the law against the militants, and appeal to male nationhood to support it. Not so the suffragist. If he is a Liberal, he makes a bad coercionist. And if he is also a suffragist, he makes a worse jailor still. He goes with the agitators so far as to agree with them that woman suffrage completes his ideal of the State and frees it from injustice, that this righteous cause has been argued without effect for fifty years, and that the violence now applied to this movement is at least a protest against delay or even an argument for ending it. Admitting the extreme perversity of the militants, he would yet find it much against his conscience to let Mrs. Pankhurst or her associates die in prison as the result of forcible feeding or of allowing the hunger-strike to run its course, and he is fully aware of the constitutional difficulties which a further embitterment of this struggle must entail. He could not agree to her deportation; and he can very well see the end of the most ingenious attempts to strengthen the administration of the law which she defies. In a sense, therefore, the Liberal Government and the Liberal Party are intimidated and embarrassed. The law is being set at naught; offences are wantonly committed, and their punishment cleverly

evaded. The executive side of government seems almost to have been baulked of one of its regular and automatic activities, but it is being baulked by people who declare themselves outlaws, and as to whom one half of the Ministry are of the opinion that such outlawry is unjust and ought to cease. It is inevitable that in the course of this physical and spiritual conflict the Cabinet should be divided, as Gladstone's Cabinet was divided, and finally ended, over Irish Coercion.

We have arrived, therefore, at a deadlock. The women constitutionalists and anti-constitutionalists press for a Government Bill. But that, in present circumstances, is a demand for Mr. Asquith's head on a charger, and the Liberal Party is indisposed to enrich Mrs. Pankhurst with so costly a present. We have offered a solution which would at least make it possible for a divided Government to act directly and instantly, and would provide an automatic scheme for the gradual and inevitable adoption of the suffrage on terms removing its offence and familiarising the entire nation with its working. We will not at this moment re-argue this proposal, for neither the extremists nor the moderates, judging from Mrs. Fawcett's interesting letter in this week's NATION, accept it. The Parliamentary door, therefore, is for the moment closed, and the only force operating with vigor on the Cabinet is the unorganised but powerful, even the national, demand for the forcible suppression of outrage-mongering. We can only say that in yielding to that pressure this Government risk the disaster which threatens Liberal Administrations at issue with political agitations that have taken on a criminal complexion. The women can have no consolation in such a prospect, for the force that drags down Liberalism will drag them down with it. But the Government have their special responsibility, and we may well ask them, if they cannot guarantee the passage of the new Suffrage Bill, nor graft on to it a scheme of local option, what they propose to do?

THE ARCH-ENEMY OF INDUSTRY.

Is it quite impossible to get the Governments and peoples of Europe to realise that there are such things as economic laws, and that policies which violate or disregard them are certain to cause terrible suffering? Here are Germany and France preparing to commit themselves, we will not say light-heartedly, but with no adequate consideration of the certain results of their action, to an increase of not less than £75,000,000 in this year's military expenditure. Russia and Austria follow suit; our own naval expenditure is mounting up; the United States is contemplating a new large increase in her navy; every other nation which pretends to be a "power" must put its hands deeper down into its pockets. We should be well within the limits of probability if we estimated that the civilised countries of the world were preparing to spend between them an added £100,000,000 this year upon equipments of destruction. Now, though this is, of course, only an acceleration of a movement which has been taking place during the last three decades, the sudden magnitude of this acceleration is likely to entail important results in the world of industry and finance.

It is a sudden upward leap of something like 20 per cent. in the aggregate expenditure on armaments of the great Powers. One hundred million pounds sterling, which would have been applied mainly to the two processes of raising the standard of consumption of the population of these countries and of making provision for the fresh capital needed by their expanding industries, is now violently torn from this useful work, and devoted to instruments of destruction and the maintenance of the men who operate them. Vast quantities of food, clothing, machines, railways, and other useful commodities which would have been made for the benefit of these peoples are cancelled, and in their places are put more guns, ships, fortresses, barracks, and military and naval stores. Nor is that all. Another year is stolen from the working life of the entire male population of France, while many more thousands of Germans, hitherto exempt from military service and free to pass from the schools into industry, are now put under the yoke of a military discipline, which not only consumes their time and energy during the most plastic period of youth, but corrupts those qualities of self-reliance and initiative which are of primary importance to the citizens and workers of a free, progressive nation. The aggregate effect of such a policy is evidently to impair the present, and still more the future, productive powers of each nation that practises it.

Unfortunately, the significance of these truths is in a measure obscured by a certain contradiction between immediate and future consequences. A superficial and short-sighted view often appears to show both armaments and wars as "good for trade." Great destruction stimulates a great energy of repair, the application of large sums of public money upon shipbuilding and allied industries may give a valued temporary fillip to favored businesses which figure as indexes of booming trade. False hopes and expectations are thus engendered, which, while their artificiality stands undetected, support the public confidence and help to make a boom. But the real effects of this misapplication of economic resources cannot be long postponed, and when they come, the artificial stimulus they have afforded enhances the damage.

There are particular reasons at the present juncture for viewing with alarm the unprecedented upward bound of this expenditure on arms. The Balkan War has not merely exhausted the financial resources of Eastern Europe by the actual costs of the campaign; it has laid waste large tracts of country, and destroyed quantities of capital and labor-power. When it terminates, the rest of Europe will be called upon to replace this capital and to maintain a helpless, perhaps a starving, population while the process of restoration is going on. The borrowing transactions by which this work is accomplished will tax the savings of the rest of Europe at the very time when those savings are reduced by the new sudden demands, of which the German Budget furnishes the most striking example. In a word, the enhanced taxation for this unproductive expenditure means that out of a diminished aggregate fund of savings an absolutely larger quantity is taken from productive

investment to be applied to unproductive expenditure upon the one hand, and unproductive loans upon the other. The waste of capital is thus a two-fold waste. Less capital is created, and of that which is created, less is available for the industrial and developmental work which provides the stream of future wealth needed to meet the requirements of communities with growing populations and expanding needs.

Some may still be disposed to reply that the growth of industry and wealth in recent times has given the lie to such forebodings. But has it? At the bottom of the industrial unrest, which is disturbing so deeply the complacency of thoughtful people everywhere, lies a rapid and incessant advance of prices. Now, whatever other causes there may be for this advance, there can be no question but that a slackening in the production of ordinary marketable goods, the goods, materials, manufactured wares, and other articles that form the supply of world-wealth which money buys, must further stimulate the rise of prices. The full significance of this fresh £100,000,000 of expenditure, and of the diversion of millions of men from being productive producers into becoming unproductive consumers, is manifest. It means a sudden and considerable reduction in the production of wealth for the industrial nations of the world. The mighty stream of fresh capital, flowing from the saving classes in Western Europe, to develop the rich potential resources of the backward portions of the earth, and to expand and improve the fabric of domestic trade, will dry up in its channels or trickle in unsatisfying quantities. Capital, already dear, and becoming dearer, will become prohibitive in price. This will have two injurious effects. On the one hand, it will check the profitable expansion of sound businesses. On the other, it will imperil the solvency of businesses whose credit is less firm, and bring about a dangerous amount of wreckage.

Nor is that all. The enhanced scarcity of fresh capital for productive uses evidently worsens the distribution of wealth and the lot of the wage-earners. For while the aggregate production of wealth is impaired, an increasing share of the wealth that is produced goes to capital, a decreasing share to labor. This injurious change is registered in the fact that interest has been rising more rapidly than money wages. High interest, attesting a scarcity of capital, low wages, a relative abundance of labor, are thus seen to be a necessary implication of this otherwise deplorable policy. Though in the long run the capitalist classes are, of course, not true gainers, for a larger quantity of productive capital available at a lower price is far better for them, the immediate pinch will be felt most keenly by the workers. It is thus a true instinct of class preservation which shows their political and economic organisations everywhere in violent protest against this attack upon their standard of living.

THE NEW PRESIDENT AND HIS PARTY.

THE American Democrats have a great opportunity. For the first time in twenty years they are not only in office, but in power. The Presidency is theirs, they are over-

whelmily strong in the House of Representatives, and they command a narrow, but, with loyalty and good management, an adequate majority in the Senate. The country has turned to them, not because it has any particular confidence in their programme or *personnel* or their political capacity, but because it has been disgusted with their opponents, and is in full revolt against the system that allowed the nation to be subordinated to and overridden by sectional interests. The American people want a Government that cannot be manipulated by bosses, manufacturers, and Wall Street. They failed to get it from Mr. Taft and the Republicans; they are hoping to be better served by Mr. Wilson and the Democrats. The best guarantee that they will not again be disappointed is to be found in the character and intellect of the new President. Mr. Wilson's inaugural address of last Tuesday showed once more that he is a man of vision and sensitiveness, of an alert and ardent temperament, and filled with an apostolic sense of the greatness of his mission. There are parts of it that read less like a political tract for the times than a summons to a new Crusade.

And in striking the note of a semi-religious fervor, we do not doubt that the President was correctly interpreting the mood of the majority of Americans. Perhaps they are expecting more from the Government than any Government can supply. But they have at least taken the precaution to instal in the White House a man who has taken a sympathetic measure of their aspirations, and whose first official utterance reveals the substance of statesmanship as well as the fire of the evangelist. The American Presidency is a very human office. Its authority and prerogatives expand or contract according to the views and personality of its incumbent. In Mr. Wilson's case there is no possibility for doubt that he intends to make it the centre and inspiration of American politics. Both in his writings and as Governor of New Jersey, he has shown that high office to his mind is nothing if it is not an opportunity for positive leadership, for moulding, and not merely for following, public opinion. One may take it for granted that in Washington, as at Trenton, he will not content himself with bare recommendations of the measures he wishes to see passed, but will use all his personal force to secure their adoption.

A President of this stamp, a strong, clear-seeing man, with a grip on the confidence of the people, is the greatest asset that the Democrats could possess. In themselves, they are very far from being a united party. Their Southern wing, especially, is composed of high-tariff men and low-tariff men, Imperialists, and Anti-Imperialists, Radicals and Conservatives, who have hardly an opinion in common on any specific issue of current politics, and who profess allegiance to the Democratic Party, simply because that Party is supposed to be sound on the negro question. The same deep cleavage between Reactionaries and Progressives that last year tore the Republicans in twain exists in the Democratic ranks. It was self-evident at the time of the Baltimore Convention, when nobody, even up to the eleventh hour, could say for certain whether the Democrats would fight the election on Conservative or Radical lines; and while it was partially bridged over by the necessity of showing a united front

at the polls, it declared itself again the moment that necessity had passed. It would be difficult, indeed, to name any large issue of either foreign or domestic policy on which the Democrats as a party are really in agreement. They have received, it is true, a clear "mandate" to reduce the tariff. But twenty years ago they received an equally clear mandate of identical purport; and everyone remembers how they failed to carry it out, and how Mr. Cleveland's Presidency was wrecked by the selfish obstinacy of the Democratic representatives of the industrial South. Moreover, even if that pitfall is avoided, there remains the huge stumbling-block of patronage. One talks of this and that great problem of public policy, of fiscal and currency reform, of Constitutional amendment, and so on; but, after all, what most engrosses a President's time, and what most engages the interest of Members of Congress, is the distribution of the spoils. After two decades of exclusion from office, the Democrats have returned in a hungry mood, and the possibilities of a rupture between the President and his party leaders over this thorniest of all administrative questions are, and must be, almost endless. Then, too, it must be remembered that the Democrats, during their twenty years in the wilderness, have chased many phantoms, have been betrayed into many excesses, and have had no opportunity of bringing their innumerable declarations of policy to the touchstone of reality. It is hardly too much to say that their real attitude towards the issues that President Wilson glanced at in his inaugural address is as much an enigma to themselves as to the world at large.

There are at least four of the most crucial questions that can confront a modern State which remain in America almost as unsettled to-day as they were three or four decades ago. Those questions are, first, the currency question; secondly, the banking question; thirdly, the fiscal question; and, fourthly, what is compendiously known as the question of the Trusts. On all of these problems there has been a certain advance of opinion in the last twenty or thirty years. But the broad fact remains that each one of them is, at this moment, about as far from a rational and final legislative adjustment as ever. Those who describe the American system of government as a gigantic conspiracy for doing nothing, can find all the justification they require in the past history and present state of these four issues. It is, in fact, an amazing paradox that the country in which business counts for most, should find itself, after all these years of experiment and discussion, saddled with the most childish currency system and the most antiquated and inadequate banking system on earth; should still be distracted by its efforts to provide a stable fiscal basis for its traders; and should so far have almost wholly failed to establish fixed and reasonable relations between the Constitution and the public interests on the one hand, and the railways and similar utilities and the requirements and developments of modern commerce on the other. Nothing could bring out more clearly the full magnitude of the contrast between the immensity of America's material progress and the paucity of her achievements in the sphere of constructive thought and statesmanship. Whether the Democrats, with their traditional propensity to empiricism, are the party to redress the balance may be doubted even by their

warmest well-wishers. And it is still more doubtful whether, hampered at every turn by their devotion to States rights, they are prepared for that centralisation of power which must precede the large social and economic and Constitutional experiments that the conditions of to-day demand. But the incoherency that is visible in the Democratic Councils, the absence of anything like a comprehensive policy of reform, and the pressure of personal and factional interests, only serve to throw into clearer relief the only authority who can speak with a really national voice, and whose policies and suggestions are inspired solely by a regard for the well-being of the country as a whole. There is a firmly grounded confidence, both in and out of America, in the quality of President Wilson's statesmanship and in his character and capacity as a man, a thinker, and a leader; and much of the interest of his Presidency will turn on the struggle in which he must inevitably engage to raise his followers to his own level. Nothing, as we began by saying, can well exaggerate the greatness of their opportunity. But their difficulties and their shortcomings are equally obvious. Whether they are to show themselves capable of rulership, or whether they are to duplicate the unhappy experiences of Mr. Cleveland's Administration, depends in the main upon Mr. Wilson and the resources of mind and personality he is able to devote to the task of their education.

A London Diary.

If omens could be trusted, one might be inclined to say of the coming Session that it was likely to be calm. Certainly, its opening is heralded by no such mutterings of riot and disorder as ushered in the epic Session of 1912. A year ago Mr. Bonar Law was warning us that revolutionary Governments were always corrupt Governments, and that the revolutionaries then—and still—in power had in six years created a spoils system which already rivalled that of the United States, whereas to-day the same statesman blandly assures us that all such talk is to be construed in a strictly political sense. For the moment controversy is dulled, and there is no expectation that the King's Speech will rekindle its fires. It is to be a short—a humdrum—Session, we are told, with possibly nothing big attempted even in the sphere of education, though on this subject, as I am reminded, both the Prime Minister and Mr. Pease definitely announced just twelve months ago that we were this year to have "an Education Bill on a national basis." In any case, I greatly doubt the humdrum Session. Has there ever been such a Session in recent years—say, since 1892? Rarely at any time, I imagine, with a Liberal Parliament in being.

SOME of the forecasts of the year's work take for granted a merely nominal debate in the Commons on the Home Rule and Welsh Disestablishment Bills, on the assumption, I suppose, that as these measures can be amended only in the Lords it would be futile to consider them further in the other House. But this is to ignore the very interesting power of "suggestion" which is

retained for the Commons in the second and third Sessions of a Bill's progress under the Parliament Act. Although after the first Session the Commons are precluded from actually inserting amendments, they may still suggest them (the idea is borrowed from some of our Colonial constitutions), and it then falls to the Lords to accept or reject the modifications thus suggested. Obviously, this may turn out to be a provision of the greatest practical importance, only, however, if a fair opportunity is offered of testing its uses. As this is to be the first Session in which these novelties of the Parliament Act will be seen at work, I can scarcely doubt that adequate time will be given for their operation.

To my mind, one of the most significant comments on the internal situation in France is the obviously cautious and even uneasy view of it taken by the Paris correspondent of the "Times." Perhaps it is not exactly flattering of Mr. Saunders to say that he is best known to the public as the late correspondent of the "Times" in Berlin. Mr. Saunders was then an able, well-informed, and so far as the Government was concerned, a very caustic critic of German policy. His tone was keenly resented in high quarters; and the fact put some difficulties in the way of Mr. Saunders's powerful but one-sided view of the great machine whose masterful doings he reported. When he went to Paris, it was natural to expect that the tone of his Berlin correspondence would be renewed and even emphasised. But this has not happened. Perhaps he has not quite caught the atmosphere of Paris—and a very nimble and elusive air it is. But it is clear that he has found some things in French foreign policy (one or two personal influences, for example), not at all to his taste. His reserves find grave expression in Monday's "Times," and they are transferred from his warning article to the editorial page. I shall be surprised if they do not also extend to our Foreign Office.

MEMBERS who have been in touch with their constituencies during the brief recess may be expected to come back with a strong mandate against another autumn session this year. I hear of one recently elected member who has been severely heckled on two grounds—first, because he had addressed only ten meetings of his electors in the course of the session of 1912-13 (still running), as compared with 300 to the credit of his opponent; and secondly, because on the ten occasions in question he had been absent from divisions. But perhaps it is better to be arraigned on the first count, even at the risk of conviction on the second, than to incur the still heavier penalty of talking oneself out of a constituency, which may well be the fate of the one-speech-a-day man.

I AM afraid that it must not be too lightly assumed that the outrage at Walton Heath involved no danger to life. It came very much nearer an appalling disaster than is generally imagined. The first explosion was of a shattering character. The contrivance for causing the second was enclosed in a cupboard. If the candle which was to light it had burned down, the explosion would have taken place at about ten minutes to seven. Twelve

workmen would then have been in the house, and some of them must have been killed. Happily, the wind blew out the candle.

It has long been inevitable that some steps would have to be taken to counter the Bishops' not very candid connivance at the evasion by a portion of their clergy of the Deceased Wife's Sister Act. A Bill will be introduced in the Lords, at the instance of the Marriage Law Reform Association, which, while it allows a clergyman to refuse to celebrate such marriages, orders him to find a substitute—a very moderate remedy.

WHAT is new in this world? Nothing. What is old? Nothing that recurs. What, then, must the entertainer do when he seeks to surprise us with the illusion of novelty? Dress up the old so as to make it look like the new. This is the art of Mr. Frank Tinney, whom I went to see the other day at the Palace, mainly because I suppose everybody else is going to see him. Mr. Tinney is one of those very clever men who have the art not to seem clever, and who find in this deception of the simple the key to their vogue and interest as artists. He takes the well-worn apparatus of the "black" comedian—the wide, staring, red-painted mouth, spectacled eyes, gaudy sham-soldierly dress—varying it in no particular. Therefore, when he comes on the stage, he excites only a feeling of wonder as to what this much-advertised man will do with so familiar a make-up. Presently you find that he has a quality of freshness, and that this consists in the extreme amiability of his expression, which is as near as possible that of a good-natured child, full of the enjoyment of life, and that his smile is peculiarly fascinating, because, like a child's, it suggests absorption in the fun of the moment and complete self-forgetfulness.

As you watch his performance—which merely adopts the accustomed themes of the "negro" comedian—you discover that this is precisely the kind of representation at which he aims. The child who dramatises (and children do little else) requires a player who sympathises with the play that he has thought out, and allows him to play it precisely in the way that he thinks right. The second player is always corrected when he tries to step out of the drama, or to obtrude his personality, or to play in a way which is repellent to the child's dramatic scheme. On this main hinge turn the dialogues between "Frank" and "Ernest." I found them quite amusing; even a rock to hide me from the infernal fiery deluge of "Rag Time."

A WAYFARER.

Life and Letters.

A UNANIMIST.

THERE is nothing new under the sun. But old ideas reappear in strange apparel and command fresh attention, sometimes awakening human thought anew to forgotten truths, sometimes by startling devices tricking

the human mind into a barren wilderness. This is an age of "isms," and men are all classified as "ists." We have the Socialist, Syndicalist, Collectivist, Anarchist, Individualist, Liberationist, Prohibitionist, the Futurists, Militarist, Suffragist, Anti-Suffragist, Anti-Vaccinationist, Anti-Vivisectionist, &c., &c., till at last we reach the sect which not long ago used to hold meetings on Sunday near the Marble Arch—the Pan-Antagonists (one of the audience supplied the theme, and the speaker the denunciation).

In twentieth-century France, too, "isms" abound, specially in the realm of art and literature. Although christened in England, Post-Impressionism is of purely French origin. There are the Cubists and the Futurists, who, though chiefly Italians, have extended their movement in France. Amongst others, we hear of the Paroxysmists, Impulsionists, and Unanimists. I do not know whether there is any literature which bears the authentic stamp of Post-Impressionism. The painter's motive hardly bears translation into literary form. Moreover, the collection of pictures in the Grafton Gallery had only one point in common, which was the spirit of revolt against recognised conventions. Otherwise no common constructive purpose was traceable in the very varied methods exhibited. A privately circulated pamphlet, called "Portrait of Mabel Dodge at the Villa Curonia," is said to be an example of Post-Impressionist literature. It can hardly be taken seriously, and, indeed, may have been written as a skit (in this respect it resembles some of the pictures; one always had to be on one's guard that one's sense of humor was not being tested). All rules of grammar are, of course, abandoned. There is no sequence of ideas, no form, and hardly any sense. As literature it is gibberish, as a joke it is rather amusing. An example of a few lines taken at random will suffice:—

"There is the climate that is not existing. There is that plainer. There is the likeness lying in liking likely likeness. There is that dispensation. There is the paling that is not reddening, there is the reddening that is not reddening, there is that protection, there is that destruction, there is not the present lessening, there is the argument of increasing."

Marinetti's Futurist work, fantastic as it is, is preferable to this. His method is by means of a string of substantives without any other parts of speech to convey certain impressions. A line or two of telling words are not without color and effect. But it is intolerably tedious when it spreads into pages—very much like pages from a French edition of Roget's "Thesaurus." His "Bataille" (a description of the war in Tripoli) begins:—

"Midi trois-quarts flûtes glapissement embrasement toub-toub alarme Gargaroch craquement crépitation marche cliquetis sacs fusils sabots clous canons crinières roues caissons juifs beignets pains-à-huile cantilènes échoppes bouffées chatolement chassie puanteur cannelle."

The appeal of literature which is a sheer *tour de force* must be very small, and I do not want to enter into a discussion on the merits or demerits of the fantastic and grotesque. I have not yet seen examples of Paroxysmist verse, and of the Impulsionists I only know that they have a "Review," and there is a *Fédération Impulsioniste Internationale*. But the Unanimists, judging from two books by Jules Romains ("Manuel de Déification" and "Mort de Quelqu'un"), stand on a different footing, and seem to me to claim serious attention.

If there is any note of protest in the Unanimist movement, it is a protest against the modern tendency to elaborate and analyse temperament, personal emotions, sexual relations, the conflict of opinions, and problems of individual psychology. The *idée mère* of the Unanimist is not negative or destructive, but a positive insistence on the value of the forces that unite and the avoidance of the differences that divide—the importance of agreement and the insignificance of discord. Human development is hindered by the jarring impact of hostile forces and the obstinate prejudices of individual minds, but progresses by means of the great common instincts and the binding sympathies which pierce the barriers of class, race, and creed. It is these instincts and sympathies that require to be emphasised and encouraged so that

the harmonious note that echoes may be sounded and the discordant note that dies silenced.

In the "Manuel" M. Jules Romains dwells on the importance of the group, the concourse of people, the assembly, and shows how it may be moved and stimulated by a word of sympathy, a common purpose, surprise, fear, and, more especially, laughter. By association a power is born greater than that of each component man, and the creation of that power is the creation of a god. But the individual must be an associate, he must lift himself out of the narrow confines of his own personality.

"Dans la rue soudain fais un grand effort et pense la rue. . . Si tu es triste si tu pleures à cause de quelqu'un ou de toi-même deviens le groupe où tu es; et tu t'apercevras sombre, petit, recroquevillé au fond d'une sorte d'entonnoir."

Man must not be self-centred, but ready tuned to the pulsations that are vibrating around him through his fellowmen.

"Défie-toi du bien-être, de la sécurité, des chambres aux tapis trop lourds. Il faut que toi et la chambre même et toute ta demeure, vous soyez seulement posés sur une branche légère, tendus, sonores, prêts."

Like thick carpets, riches are an obstacle:—

"La pauvreté n'est pas une vertu, ni la richesse un vice: mais l'âme du pauvre a une sorte de nudité favorable à l'étreinte des dieux."

M. Romains has written several volumes of poems, imaginative, though involved and difficult. But his "Mort de Quelqu'un" (Paris: Eugène Figuière) is a study in the form of a story very simply and very beautifully told; reminding one in style of Marguerite Andoux's "Marie Claire," and even at moments of Flaubert. A retired engine-driver, who is a childless widower with but few friends, dies in a Paris lodging-house. His life has been quite colorless and obscure. But his death, or, rather, Death, draws people to him, and unites them with a common tie. The porter feels a sense of importance from being the first to discover the dead man. The lodgers, accustomed to pass one another on the cold staircase without a word, now stop and talk in whispers. They subscribe to a wreath, "offert par les locataires." First of all, the corpse and then the memory of the unknown dead man becomes the centre of a "group," and has a sort of magnetic influence in no way connected with the attraction of horror. The old father travels up from the south bowed down by the news of his son's death, and yet not always able to concentrate his mind on it. He stumbles along over the stones on his path so well known to him that they distract his attention. "A quoi est-ce que je pense? Mon Dieu! à des cailloux! Et Jacques qui est mort là bas." There is a wonderfully vivid description of the incidents of his journey. The passengers inside the omnibus are again "a group," swayed hither and thither by impatience, by discomfort, now all gazing together at the light of a lantern, now all jolted by the movements of the coach. At last he has to unburden himself and tell the news to his fellow-passengers, and their attention is arrested:—

"Il y avait la lanterne, le reflet, où semblait se jeter la route, le passage vibrant des arbres. Beaucoup de rêveries arrivaient ainsi et circulaient. Mais le mort se glissait parmi elles."

Finally, the funeral procession, which has to thread its way through dull streets and to a distant suburban cemetery, becomes corporate; united partly by the presence of the dead, partly by the common share of all the trivial and wearisome inconveniences of such a function. There is a moment of intense excitement when the *cortège* comes slowly in contact with a dense crowd of rioting strikers. For an instant it seems as if they will have to stop and take a different road. Then slowly the crowd, not united but discordant, a mere mass engendered by savage conflict, give way to the compact group unanimous in its common purpose. The mourners are not plunged in affliction by the death of a dearly loved friend, nor elevated by strong emotions at the loss of a great man, but just linked together by the mere presence of death. The mob stand aside moved, every one of them, by this simple elemental force, which must appeal to all.

"Les terrassiers laissèrent prendre leur bras qui venaient de frapper: l'élan des agents s'amortit sur la foule détendue. Ils dirent sans colère: 'Laissez passer l'enterrement!' Un vide s'ouvrit, qui parut immense et triste. Le cortège passa dans un grand calme."

Of the two concourses of people, one was a group which had solidarity; the other a multitude split by dissensions. This no doubt is emblematic of the unity of spiritual life and the confusion of material life.

The vibrations from this one death, no different from many thousands of others, do not end with the funeral. The memory of it and of the dead man still lingers in a few minds. An engine-driver forgets to slow down round a sharp curve, because his thoughts are suddenly engrossed by the flitting vision of a once familiar face. The book ends with a description of the poignant emotions of a man a year later, whose meditations are disturbed by a very hazy recollection of the funeral procession. There is a fine passage where, amidst his despairing reflections at the confusion of life, hope rises at the sight of a bit of blue sky:—

"Le ciel était d'un bleu bien plus clair que les yeux des enfants les plus chimériques. Les meilleures espérances, la foi de l'âme en son propre règne; l'idée qu'il y a place pour la sainteté parmi les choses; la persuasion que l'univers n'est pas une brutale aventure; toutes les tendres pensées que tant d'événement effarouchent, et qui se cachent derrière les autres pour qu'on ne s'ouïe pas de leur naïveté; osaient se montrer, osaient aller et venir en face d'un ciel qui leur ressemblait. On eût dit que l'idéal faisait partie du monde et que le monde l'avouait enfin."

This note of optimism is characteristic of the author, who never indulges in the depressing cynicism which is so common with French writers.

The guiding principle of the Unanimists is more philosophical than literary. We cannot be expected to discard the great works that have dealt almost exclusively with personal emotions. But a broader vision and recognition of larger proportions can be accepted, not only as another aspect of altruism, but as touching the very essence from which the spirit of true social democracy must derive its vitality. The overwhelming progressive force that can be generated by mankind, divesting itself of selfish limitations and striving in perfect harmony towards the attainment of social justice, is an ideal, the consummation of which is hastened by its mere recognition.

Whatever may be thought of unanimist philosophy, and perhaps I have read into it more than is actually intended, M. Romains has written a very remarkable book.

ARTHUR PONSONBY.

THE FUTURE OF FREE WOMANHOOD.

THE emergence of the franchise question in the modern feminist movement involves a heavy cost in the confusion and perversion of the deeper issues of that movement. It has brought to the front certain types of women selected for combative qualities of intellect and character, and therefore not representative of normal womanhood. And it has led to dangerous misapplications of the logic of equality. The principal case for the enfranchisement of women rests upon the claim that sex is an irrelevant consideration in assessing the general rights and obligations of citizenship. The claim for the vote rests upon the common factor of humanity. But, because a true principle of equality is applicable there, it by no means follows that differences of sex can be ignored in applying other principles of social policy. Because we hold that women should be voters on precisely the same terms with men, we ought not to be committed of necessity to the view that girls should be educated precisely on the same lines with boys, that women may be expected to compete safely or successfully in all those trades and professions which have hitherto been male preserves, and that, in the ordering of the future family and home, husband and wife will, apart from the act of parenthood, play precisely the same part. All readers of feminist literature are familiar with this mechanical logic of equality which, ignoring or

deprecating the natural obligations and the social significance of sex, lays out the whole career of woman on the basis of that human nature which she possesses in common with men. Women, it is argued, will never be the "equals" of men, until they are trained to become as strong, as learned, and as self-reliant, engage as freely in every economical and social activity, and have the same amount and sort of personal independence and pecuniary income. Though the awkward difference between the natural burden of motherhood and fatherhood cannot wholly be ignored, it may be "transcended." If woman allows herself to be dominated by it, she remains as now, "parasitic on the male," his submissive housekeeper, and the nurse of his children. "Liberty" requires that she should reduce the care and duties of motherhood to the meagrest dimensions consistent with the maintenance of the race, establish the nurture and teaching of children as separate pecuniary callings, and so be free "to mingle in the natural industries of a human creature."

Such is the curious tendency of feminist doctrine, as expressed by such leaders of the extremist school as Mrs. Gilman. It is true that many modifications of the doctrine are to be found. But this misapplication of equality is very widespread. Strangely enough, it is very often coupled with signs of sex antagonism. We say "strangely," because it might have been expected that sex antagonism would lead to a repudiation of the standards of valuation which are essentially masculine in origin and maintenance. It may be an heroic attitude to accept all the terms of the competitive struggle as laid out by men for men, and to seek victory for women in accordance with these rules. But this challenge may prove a very costly one both to women and to humanity, if it involves a waste or an abuse of social functions assigned by Nature as exclusively feminine in the same sense as fighting is an exclusively masculine function.

It is perhaps not unnatural that men who, though friendly to the cause of feminism, have not allowed their sympathies to obscure their judgment, should raise a voice of warning and of protest against this extravagance. We have before us three books, written from widely different standpoints—one by a well-known American educationalist, Mr. Earl Barnes (*"Women in Modern Society"* [Cassell]); one by a successful novelist, Mr. W. L. George (*"Woman and To-morrow"* [Herbert Jenkins]); one by a eugenicist, Dr. Saleeby (*"Woman and Womanhood"* [Heinemann])—all pleas for a more rational guidance of the feminist movement. All three are strong supporters of full political and civil rights for woman; all insist upon complete legal and social equality of access to education and to remunerative careers of every sort; all believe in radical reforms in marriage laws, and in the status of woman in the family. But all recognise that the facts of sex cannot be ignored in the working out of the principle of equality. All agree that in economic occupations, in family life, in political and social work, sex will continue to be the leading factor of difference. Though the immediate effect of a breakdown of the barriers may be to throw large numbers of women into many of the trades and professions hitherto monopolised by men, the sifting process of time will bring a choice of occupations in which differences of sex aptitudes and defects will be chief determinants. It is generally agreed that the teaching, nursing, and other occupations in which the instinctive sympathies of woman have a particularly high value, will fall to them, and will rise in social and even in pecuniary value. Though all women who renounce motherhood should have full freedom to work in any calling on equal terms with men, the recognition of the superior importance of motherhood brings our critics into various positions which will be stoutly challenged by the militant feminists. Perhaps the difficulty is best illustrated by the following statement, in which Mr. Earl Barnes concludes his consideration of *"Women in Industry."* "For the future, then, it seems that we must accept working women in every path of life. We must remove all disabilities under which they labor, and at the same time protect them by special legislation as

future wives and mothers." But what if the protective legislation involves certain disabilities for competition with men? Mr. George, apparently, would impose no legislative or other restrictions upon women, even in the sacred interests of maternity. But he goes even further than the others in his conviction of the unsuitability of women for the drudgery of industry. "Woman," he holds, "is not as an animal destined for aught save instinctive labor, such as child-rearing and artistry." Upon woman's natural aptitude for art, he holds the interesting view that the qualities of physical creativeness which she possesses spring from the same fount as the creative powers expressed in "the fine arts," and that woman must therefore be as capable of artistic creation as she is of physical creation. When she is relieved from the excessive burden of maternity, this adaptable creative genius will find play. Whether there is any truth in this bold doctrine of creativeness may be left to psycho-biology to determine. But surely Mr. George destroys most of the value of his claim by the curiously loose meaning he assigns to art. "I do not believe that there is a thing called art, other than self-expression, and there are no degrees in art: the worker is an artist or not an artist. Thus, I make for woman no qualified claim, do not put forward that she is capable of 'good' art, or 'great' art, or 'some measure of' art; I claim that she is capable of expressing herself."

Wifehood, motherhood, and the home, as the theatre of these activities, must ever remain the dominant factors in the normal life of women, according to Mr. Barnes, and the feminist movement for him finds its most important work in radical reforms of marriage and divorce as raising the status of woman in the home. Both Mr. Barnes and Dr. Saleeby express strong sympathy with the views of marriage and the home of which Ellen Key is the most conspicuous exponent. The gospel of motherhood as the supreme function of woman, and of parenthood as the chief determinant of all social arrangements, finds in Dr. Saleeby an advocate whose vehemence and even virulence of speech make him less persuasive than he might be.

Here his insistence on woman as "Nature's supreme instrument of the future" carries him so far along the road of individual self-sacrifice that the society founded on his eugenism would give hardly more consideration to the individual woman than is secured for the working bee in the hive. Every problem of feminism is to be solved exclusively by asking how the various proposals affect sex-selection and parenthood. All women should continually regard themselves either as potential mothers or as foster-mothers, using all their new powers, political, economic, intellectual, to secure better conditions for posterity. In all this Dr. Saleeby claims to be a sociologist, and as such to take for his test of human progress "the emergence of mind." But his biological training and attitude continually overcome him, and make him little more than a prophet of the sanctity and integrity of the germ-plasm.

"RAGS."

ANOTHER mark of national degeneracy, another evidence of increasing neurasthenia, another step towards a mad-house expenditure that will rapidly overtake our military expenditure, until half the population is raving in asylums while half is discharging firearms, each paying for the other! It is an appalling picture that our psychologists add to the demands of our National Service League. They point to proofs of danger on every side. The number of imbeciles, the love of sport, the Deficient schools, the girls' hockey, the growth of gambling, the intensity of labor, the narrowing jaw, the weakness of will, the obstinacy of suffragettes, the frequency of strikes, the effects of town life, the claim to one half-holiday a week—all these are jumbled together in their lamentation over racial decay. All these are the outward and visible signs of an inward neurosis that is sapping the vitals of the bulldog breed. It is in vain that we exclude hydrophobia since we are thus exposed to the encroach-

ment of a creeping mental paralysis far more insidious.

And now the peril has taken a shape the most insidious of all—the shape of song and dance. Up to now we have struggled to save our sanity by deep-breathing, wearing sandals, leaving off hats, eating grass, and drinking water, but no human aid has been discovered to avert the approaches of Rag-time. One learned and observant writer in this month's "English Review" tells us that Rag-time is "a direct encouragement to hysteria," that "it appeals especially to the more neurotic individuals and cliques"; it is one of the false rhythms "which are allied with hysteria, neurosis, and nervous instability generally"; "it drives to mania"; it inclines to "excitement and drink"; it befits people for "a strait-jacket"; it is "working, unnoticed, to the general detriment of efficiency and even sanity," and it is converting "this unhappy country into an even larger lunatic asylum than it is at present." Were we not justified in saying that the prospect before the bulldog breed is appalling? What will the Metropolitan Asylums Board do? Here is a problem before which the Admiralty Arch shrivels, and our newly elected County Council will have to face it. The County and Borough Councils of the whole country will have to face it. The Local Government Board must be aroused from its stertorous slumber. Let the Admiralty and War Office have a care. "Hitchy Koo" threatens our naval supremacy, and even Territorials are useless if insane.

Let us try to be calm, and keep our reason while we may. In the nine or ten months that sleeping-sickness takes to kill a man, there comes a hideous period when all control over the emotions is lost, and the patient weeps and laughs and screams without restraint or cause. That is neurasthenia indeed; and yet courageous physicians risk the infection of it in their desire to study and heal. The effects superinduced by Rag-time appear to be very similar. Let us also courageously risk the infection. Let us take our sanity in both hands. Let us visit the Hippodrome. There are plenty of other places we might visit with similar peril, for there is no avoiding the pestilence that walks by evening, and everybody's catching it now. But we choose the Hippodrome because it is a typical *habitat* of the plague-microbe, and it even advertises the danger by placarding "Hullo, Rag-time!" on its bills, as who should say, "Tse-tse fly here!"

It is a working-day evening, but the house is crammed from start to finish. And it is a working-day audience, sober, peaceable, simple-minded, rather unemotional, just the class that used to be called respectable before the word became an insult—just the class, in fact, that usually fills the "haunts of vice." They are the sort of people formerly appraised as "the backbone of the country," and one shudders to think how that backbone is presently to be enfeebled. The ordinary "turns" succeed each other—the ventriloquist, the mimic, the balancer, who on the summit of high-piled chairs risks his life as gallantly as a mountaineer, and must have devoted as much patience and study to this pursuit as most Members of Parliament devote to the science of legislation before they offer themselves as candidates. One can only hope his pay is commensurate with theirs. But these marvels over, the orchestra strikes into a rapid and strongly syncopated stream of sound, the audience settles comfortably down, like a musician at the first notes of a fugue, and the curtain rises upon the "Revue." We are plunged into the very hotbed of contagion.

In England a "Revue" is still a novelty, and one can imagine its great opportunities. It is a go-as-you-please affair—a haphazard mixture of burlesque, dancing, songs, and jokes. It might become a deadly instrument for political satire and social mockery—an Aristophanic Comedy. But at present it is no such thing. Its little touches of satire are as harmless as catclicks, and no one takes the smallest notice when Mr. Hall Caine once more poses in Leicester Square, or when Mr. Churchill drags toy Dreadnoughts across the stage in friendly association with Mr. F. E. Smith. The imitations of Sir Herbert Tree, Mr. Martin Harvey, and the rest are only the innocent stock-in-trade of all our

haunts of vice. So are the romantic love-songs, and the Canadian's display of Imperialistic affection for his mother, while the performance of a comic band deliberately out of tune proves that a British audience is not yet reduced to any excessive sensibility of nerve. Indeed, the only sign of something abnormal comes in a harmless little burlesque of a rehearsal in the Censor's presence. An imitator of Mr. Bernard Shaw sits among the surrounding dramatists, and he is given only three short sentences to say! Obviously, that is against all nature and reason. If we pass it without protest, the deadly infection is already at work. Shades of the madhouse begin to gather round.

By the time this point is reached, Rag-time has its wicked will of us. "Military Mary Ann," "How do you do, Miss Rag-time?" and "I want to be in Dixie," have passed into our systems. In the theme of such songs there is nothing to threaten sanity, nor is there in those that follow. They express the well-worn subjects of lyrical emotion—the love of uniforms, the longing for home, the interest frequently displayed in weddings, the pleasant habit of meeting at the stage-door, and so on. It must be half-a-century since the world first sang the beautiful melody, "My heart goes back to Dixie," and when now Mr. Willie Solar, with passionate reiteration, exclaims, "I want to be, I want to be, I want to be in Dixie," the substance of his intention is the same. It is as old as the desire of Ulysses when he longed to see the smoke leaping up from his own land. There is only the difference between Dixie (wherever that is) and Ithaca, which we know. So with the song, "Somewhere, sometime, some place"; everybody has wanted to meet someone at some place and time, and the vain tautology of "somewhere" followed by "some place" within a second may be due only to the recognised intoxication of love. As to "Hitchy Koo," ditties in loving admiration of babies and "coons" have in all ages been frequent to satiety, and when Miss Kellogg informs us "I've got to go, I've got to go, a soldier-man I've got to be," we need only remember that many poets have told us the same, from Lovelace and Burns down to the author of "Dolly Grey," though they have not always gone or been.

There is nothing, then, in the mere subject which drives to mania or tends to nervous instability. The danger must lie in the sound, or in the movement that accompanies it. Undoubtedly, both are negroid, and they date from generations older far than the negroes of the Southern States. Watch the performers walk. They bring their feet round with a slightly circular swing of the hip, and plant them delicately on the ground, as though they had corns or were treading on hot coals. It is an imitated atavism. The African negroes and even the Bantus of the Equator invariably swing one foot round in front of the other with a slightly circular motion. They make their forest paths so narrow that they have to walk very carefully—gingerly, as we say—for fear of treading on the thorns or spiky plants along both sides, and it takes a white man a month or two of torment to catch the habit. So with the peculiar jerking movement of the shoulders and elbows that accompanies the walk and nearly all the dances. It is merely unconscious atavism—a throwing-back to the African dancing that consists much more in twisting the body and flapping the elbows than in flinging the legs about in European style. To elevate the shoulders alternately to the ears is a common mode, and the man who can wriggle his naked backbone most like a snake is the champion village dancer of Angola, whence thousands of American negroes came.

"Muse of the many-twinkling feet, whose charms
Are now extended up from legs to arms."

So sang Byron of the German waltz, but it is still truer of the negroid Rag-time and the Central African dance. It is true also of birds, many of which have developed dancing more completely than we anthropoids; they always dance with all the body and limbs as well as the legs, though we believe it is only the cock-birds that dance, being impelled by the desire of all males always to show themselves as pleasant as possible.

Apart from inspiring yells and outcries, such as are also found in Scotland, there is nothing specially

African about the Rag-time music, except the iteration. The broken and varied time is common in Hungarian dances, and the quavering syncopation is heard from the Adriatic to Burma, being perhaps Persian in origin. Mere regularity of the big drum of hollowed wood—the ochingufu—is the characteristic of African music, but iteration and reiteration are the African's chief delight. To the throbbing drum, the clapping hands, and the one repeated cadence which tells that the cow is lost or that he is going home to his mother in the village, he will dance from the rise of moon until it sets, stamping the beaten earth in a cleared circle of the forest, while leopards and elephants, antelopes and chimpanzees peer out of darkness in amazement at the antics of their fellow-creature. Ecstasy sometimes supervenes—an elevation of the spirit so remarkable that our Governors of Nigeria and the Gold Coast some twenty years ago declared the performance of "Tarara-boom-de-ay" a criminal offence. For they knew the meaning of "going Fantee," but had never read Nietzsche's advice to suffering mankind to lose self-consciousness in the ecstasy of dancing.

To such an ecstasy we can well imagine Mr. Willie Solar would rise if he repeated his patter-song of "Dixie" and that astounding "Dixie" dance until the full moon gazed from the West End upon the dawn; and the dancers of the Wedding Glide, with its little dash of Mendelssohn gone "barmy," would in like manner lose in the Universal Whole their consciousness of self. Even in ten minutes of repetition the sober audience is visibly affected, and the backbone of our country begins to wriggle like a snake. Are we, then, degenerates, neurotics, hysterical, and over-civilised defectives, bound for the strait-waistcoat or the nearest bar? It is impossible to watch that British audience as it streams away with cheerful satisfaction into the Tube, and to suppose so. Far from being over-emotional, it is the touch of emotion they most require. Far from quivering with neurasthenia, the call of the wild is in their blood. Their exuberant vitality cries to be free from the trammels of daily civilisation. They, too, would stamp the forest ground in the moonlit dance, and over roofs and chimney-pots, on reaching home, they will utter their barbaric yawp.

THE WANDERING SWALLOW.

A SWALLOW has been caught near Utrecht, in Natal, wearing a leg-ring, which was put on near Cheadle in Staffordshire, in May, 1911. The ring was unfortunately taken off by the bird's captor, so the future wanderings of that individual will not be recorded. One fact to its discredit is known—that it did not return in the summer of 1912 to the porch at Rosehill, Cheadle, where it was nesting when it was ringed. We always like to think that when a bird comes a second time to Europe, it comes to the very country and county and parish and porch or bush from which it set out. We shall continue to think, in spite of the error of this particular swallow, that that wonderful feat is usually achieved. There were four swallows ringed at Rosehill in May, 1911, and one of them returned to the same place in 1912. It is quite possible that two of them succumbed to the long list of dangers that beset the birds in their journey to Africa and back. The fourth is convicted of having lost its way.

Mr. H. F. Witherby, Editor of "British Birds" and Registrar General of thousands of ringed migrants, is astonished that our swallow should have gone from the far west of Europe to the east of Africa. In the case of most birds, it is an accepted axiom that the place of the winter sojourn is almost as circumscribed as the place of the summer nesting. All that the traveller knows of the rest of the world is the shortest convenient route between the two places. A strong-winged bird like the stork has an exemption almost as free as the swallow. White storks ringed in East Prussia have been taken in Syria, in Palestine, at Lake Chad, at Rosaires on the Blue Nile, at the Victoria Nyanza, in German East Africa, in north-east Rhodesia, and in the Kalahari Desert. We should have expected so professional a flier

to have indulged in prolonged winter wanderings when released from the ties of housekeeping. You can see it in the flying exercises that the storks take when the nesting is over, and the time is near for going south. There is nothing of the sort for the short-winged bird, which suddenly performs for the only time in six months a perfect miracle of flight. The tiny gold-crest that has scarcely been able to flutter from one bush to the next goes into the upper air, and comes down again a thousand or more miles away, and other birds scarcely larger and no better equipped go three times and five times as far. A journey like that twice in a year, is quite enough for them. Between whiles they are just potterers about, and insect-hunters on foot. The chaff-chaff in Africa as in England is just a skulker among bushes, a caterpillar-hunting mouse that might almost as well have no wings at all. It has its garden in the southern hemisphere and its garden in the northern hemisphere, and it journeys between the two by overhead non-stop express.

The sea-bird is the freest wanderer of all. His kingdom is world-wide, and everywhere supplies his needs. Even in the breeding season he flies miles for food, and in the winter he not unseldom circumnavigates the globe. Sea-rookeries, such as that at Bass Rock, are repeopled in spring, not from a definite quarter, but from all sides, as the wanderers drop in from their cosmopolitan winter range. In latitude alone the Arctic tern may travel 22,000 miles to its winter residence in the Antarctic, and home again. Even if it had the purest desire to fly straight it would probably pass through all the longitudes before it had accomplished the double journey.

Scarcely less free is our swallow. It has not to fly south in a straight line, nor yet in a carefully planned series of tacks dictated by the situation of food supplies *en route*. It might almost be said to feed upon air, so almost universal in the air is the winged insect life which falls into its mouth as it speeds along. Unlike the short-winged birds, the swallow migrates by day, nor does it rise above the air stratum in which it is accustomed to feed. It may not have gone a degree south before it falls in with an abundance of food that seems unlimited, and there it may halt for a week, and even go a little back homewards to see if an improvement in the weather may not mean a renewal of the summer. It can wander a little eastward at each halting, or join wings with an adjacent band pursuing a parallel line towards the south. It retires, as it were, with its face towards home, swinging to right or left as chance or fancy dictates. It has but half a mind to go southward at all, and no particular spot in the south draws it very much. So our Staffordshire swallow may one winter find itself in East Africa instead of West, among German or Russian swallows with which it goes northward next summer and fails to find its Cheadle porch in Yasnaya Polyana. Thereafter it becomes a Russian swallow.

To show the deliberation with which the swallows move, they have already returned to North Africa, though they are not due in England till April. In ten days' time Greece and Spain will have their swallows. A dash across the Bay of Biscay would supply us with a summer-making horde in a single day, yet we must wait a whole month while the slow tide saturates middle Europe, and comes to us by the Straits of Dover. It is true that the swallows now at Algiers may be those that will stay there all the summer, and that ours have not yet started from somewhere below the equator, true also that at the time when they are coming into Sussex there are a good many left at the Cape. These last are destined, no doubt, for Iceland or Lapland, and they are said to fly unnoticed through our already summer-peopled land as late as May, or even June. The theory has been firmly held that the further north a bird comes, the further south it goes. Our Staffordshire swallow, therefore, had no right to go either so far east or so far south as Natal. Angola should have sufficed, and from there it should have come leisurely along the African and Spanish coasts, taking about three weeks for the voyage.

Compare that with the passage of a land bird. The classic instance is that of the North American golden plover, which nests in Alaska, and winters far down in

South America in La Plata and Uruguay. On going south, the birds first move eastward to Nova Scotia, then make one flight of 2,500 miles straight across the sea to Guiana. It is more than half the journey of the English swallow, and it may be done in the round of a day and a night. The golden plover is only one of a crowd of birds that perform this particular sea voyage. The peculiar circumstances enable the length of the flight to be known. Even smaller birds, passing over stretches of mixed land and sea, may perform greater feats, without much chance of our being able to verify them.

A good deal of that hard mystery, "the way of the bird in the air," has been shown by means of the leg-ring or other means of marking the individual wanderer. There is scarcely a bird, however stationary its species may seem, that does not make use of its wings to see a little of the world between nesting-times. The black-bird with a white head disappears like the dead, then reappears again at the right time. Sometimes it is discovered for us by a friend in its winter station, not many miles away. One would expect the robin and the thrush, at any rate, to be confirmed stay-at-homes. They are both heavily represented in the clouds that assail our lighthouses at the two seasons of migration. The winter tyrant of the garden may be a German, surreptitiously giving place on a day in spring to the summer robin, just returned from Cornwall. There was a song-thrush ringed at the nest in Berkshire, and in November it was in Norfolk. Another, hatched in Aberdeen, took a flight of fifteen hundred miles, and was found in Portugal. How did it get there? Would it have come back? these are questions still at large. An instance will show how the air is apt to keep its secrets. Robert Service thus saw the arrival of a party of blackbirds:—"They came down from the upper air, becoming suddenly visible, sometimes three at a time. . . . I saw about a dozen birds thus drop into view, but I quite failed to see any indication from whence they had come." Very different from our way of finding our way about, yet evidently a thoroughly efficient way.

Short Studies.

THE TRIANGLE.

He had a high nose. He looked at one over the collar, so to speak. His regard was very assured, and his speech was that short bundle of monosyllables which the subaltern throws at the orderly. He had never been questioned, and, the precedent being absent, he had never questioned himself. Why should he? We live by question and answer, and we do not know the reply to anything until a puzzled comrade bothers us and initiates that divine curiosity which both humbles and uplifts us.

He wanted all things for himself. What he owned he wished to own completely. He would give anything away with the largest generosity, but he would share with no one. Whatever is mine, said he, must be entirely mine; if it is alive, I claim its duty to the last respiration of its breath, and if it is dead I cannot permit a mortgage on it. Have you a claim on anything belonging to me? Then you may have it entirely, I must have all of it or none.

He was a stockbroker, and, by the methods peculiar to that mysterious profession, he had captured a sufficiency of money to enable him to regard the future with calmness and his fellow-creatures with condescension—perhaps the happiest state to which a certain humanity can attain.

So far matters were in order. There was nothing wanting to round his life into the complete, harmonious circle except a wife, but as a certain income has the choice of a large supply, he shortly discovered a lady whose qualifications were such as would ornament any, however exalted, position. She was sound in wind and limb. She spoke grammar with the utmost precision, and she could play the piano with such perfection that it was difficult to explain why she played it badly.

This also was satisfactory, and if the world had been

made of machinery he would have had the fee simple of happiness. But to both happiness and misery there follows the inevitable second act, and beyond that, and to infinity, action and interaction, involution and evolution, forging change for ever. Thus he failed to take into consideration that the lady was alive, that she had a head on her shoulders which was native to her body, and that she could not be aggregated as chattel property for longer than she agreed to be such.

After their marriage he discovered that she had dislikes which did not always coincide with his, and appreciations which set his teeth on edge. A wife in the house is a critic on the hearth—this truth was daily and unpleasantly impressed upon him; but, of course, every man knows that every woman is a fool, and a tolerant smile is the only recognition we allow to their whims. God made them as they are; we grin and bear it.

His wife found that the gospel of her husband was this: Love me to the exclusion of all human creatures. Believe in me, even when I am in the wrong. Women should be seen and not heard. When you want excitement make a fuss of your husband. But while he entirely forgot that his wife had been bought and paid for, she did not forget it; indeed, she could not help remembering it. A wrong had been done her, not to be obscured even by economics, the great obscurer. She had been won and not wooed. She had been defrauded of how many teasing and provoking prerogatives, aloofnesses and surrenders, and her body, if not her mind, resented and remembered it. There are times when calmness is not recognised as a virtue.

Of course, he had wooed her in a way. He took her to the opera, he gave her jewels, he went to church with her twice on Sundays, and once a month he knelt beside her in more profound reverences. Sometimes he petted her, always he was polite. But he had not told her that her eyes were the most wonderful and inspiring orbs into which a tired man could look. He never said that there would not be much to choose between good and evil if he lost her. He never said that one touch of her lips would electrify a paralytic into an acrobat. He never swore that he would commit suicide and dive to deep perdition if she threw him over. None of these things. It is possible she did not wish him to say or do such extravagances, but he had not played the game and, knowing that something was badly wrong, she nursed a grievance, that most horrid fosterling.

He was fiercely jealous, not of his love, but of his property, and while he was delighted to observe that other men approved of his taste, he could not bear that his wife should admire these outsiders. This was his attitude to her: Give me your admiration, all of it, every note of exclamation of which you are mistress; every jot and tittle of your thoughts must be mine, for, lacking these, I have nothing. I am good to you. I have interposed between you and the buffets of existence. I temper all winds to the bloom of your cheek. Do you your part, and so we will be happy.

There was a clerk in his office, a black-haired, slim, frowning young man, who could talk like a cascade for ten minutes and be silent for a month; he was a very angry young man, with many hatreds and many ambitions. His employer prized him as a capable and reliable worker, liked his manners, and paid him thirty-five shillings per week; outside of these matters the young man abode no more in his remembrance than did the flower on the heath or the bird on the tree.

It happened one day that the employer fell sick of influenza and was confined to his bed. This clerk, by order, attended on him to see to his correspondence, for, no matter who sneezes, work must be done—it is the law.

The young man stayed in the house for a week, and during his sojourn there met the lady. She fair, young, brooding; he also young, silent, and angry, and, after the first look that passed between them, there was little more to be said. They came together as though they had been magnetised. Love or passion, by whatever name it is called, was born abruptly. There is a force in human relations drawing too imperatively for denial, defying self-interest, and dragging at all anchors of duty and religion. Is it in man only the satisfaction of self?

Egotism standing like a mountain and demanding: Give me yourself or I will kill myself? And women! Is their love the degradation of self, the surrender and very abasement of lowliness? Or is it, also, egotism set on a pinnacle, so careless and self-assured as to be fearful of nothing? In their eyes the third person, a shadow already, counted as less than a shadow. He was a name with no significance, a something without a locality. His certain and particular income per annum was a thing to laugh at. . . . There was a hot, a swift voice speaking: "I love you," it said, "I love you"; he would batter his way into heaven, he would tear delight from wherever delight might be. Or else, and this was harder, a trembling man pleaded, Aid me, or I perish, and woman's instinct is not to let a man perish. If I help you I hurt myself, she sighed, and, hurt yourself then, sighed the man, would you have me perish . . . !

* * * * *

So the rightful owner smiled. You are mine, said he, altogether mine; no one else has a lien upon you. When the weather is fine I will take you for drives in the sunshine. In the nights we will go to the opera, hearkening together to the tenor telling his sweet romanza, and when the wintry rain comes you will play the piano for me, and so we will be happy.

* * * * *

When he was quite recovered he went back to his office and found that one of his clerks had not arrived—this angered him. When he returned home again in the evening he found that his wife was not there. So things go.

JAMES STEPHENS.

Communications.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN POLITICAL SITUATION.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The political situation is deplorable—worse, I think, than it has been for the past nine years. At the first blush it seemed a splendid thing that General Hertzog should have been turned out of the Cabinet on account of his anti-English proclivities; but in a few days it was clear enough that while the General's exclusion from the Government was doubtless inevitable, in the result things were far worse than while he remained a responsible Cabinet Minister. His anti-English bias may have done some harm from the inside, but the racists outside were represented in the Government, and had no excuse to complain, and no grievances to voice. Now they have a grievance indeed, and their voices are uplifted loudly enough. The floods of racialism have burst out once more. The extremists on one side have begun to shout; soon the extremists on the other side will be shouting back. To the moderate man, when things really seemed settling down for good, it is utterly sickening, and an up-country Englishman may even fancy that he notices already a change in the patriotic Dutchman's demeanor towards him in social and business intercourse.

Here is a brief summary of the events which have led up to the present situation: The Nationalists, or South African Party, were happily in power, not a very united family, perhaps, as naturally so soon after Union there were inter-provincial jealousies, but still happy enough with representatives from all the Provinces in the Cabinet. They had come successfully through two sessions of Parliament, and had carried through a fairly useful, if rather extravagant, legislative programme, and had set the Civil Service on an excellent basis, under an impartial permanent Commission. The Opposition—the Unionist Party—were in a bad way—"moribund" they had been called. Dr. Jameson had resigned, leaving a very poor lot behind him, and in any case no sensible person wishes to be governed in the interests of the Rand mines and De Beers. Then, to the salvation of the Unionists, General Hertzog, Minister of Justice—with the most important department of the Civil Service under him—and also Minister for Native Affairs,

began going about among small up-country villages making anti-English speeches. There were three in particular which brought the fat into the fire. In the first he laid down the maxim that "the Afrikaner must be baas"; in the second he used the term "foreign adventurer" applied particularly to mining magnates; but Englishmen in general may be pardoned for thinking that it expressed fairly accurately his attitude towards them all; in the third he stated that his only use for the British Empire was so far as it was serviceable to South Africa. Just at the time of these speeches a by-election was in progress in Grahamstown, the seat vacated by Dr. Jameson, a stronghold of Unionism—a sort of mild Midlothian. The Nationalists were making a determined assault upon the seat with a strong candidate. General Botha and Mr. Burton, another Cabinet Minister, went down to speak, and there can be little doubt that but for Hertzog's speeches the Nationalists stood a good chance to win the seat. General Hertzog's racialism was the one, but most valuable, asset to the Unionist Party, and on it they gained a surprisingly substantial victory. The atmosphere of the election must have made very clear to General Botha the harm which his colleague was doing in the country. A little while later Colonel Leuchars, the Natal representative in the Cabinet, resigned, refusing to serve in the same Cabinet with General Hertzog after his last anti-Imperialist speech. Thereupon General Botha resigned as Premier (General Hertzog having apparently refused to hand in his portfolio) and formed a new Ministry, with the ex-Minister of Justice excluded, stating, somewhat naively, that the reason for his exclusion was not what he had said, but the fact that he had said it. General Botha's feelings towards General Hertzog could probably be expressed something like this, if not in stronger language:—

"What in the name of fortune do you want to go about shouting that the Afrikaner must be baas when we are baas completely? Why go about saying you don't care for the British Empire unless it's useful to us when it's just as useful to us as can be? What's the good of calling Englishmen foreign adventurers when they hold the balance of power in the country and put us in power with it? Of course, we all agree with your naked sentiments, but why, in Heaven's name, go about bawling them at this most inopportune moment? The Opposition haven't got a good man among them; they've no programme; absolutely their only asset is your foolishness. I tell you I went down to Grahamstown, and, but for your foreign adventurer and 'Afrikaner must be baas' business, I believe we'd have won Dr. Jim's old seat, instead of getting the nasty smack in the face we did. Then Colonel Leuchars resigns, and no one else from Natal will serve with you. Well, we can't do without some support from Natal, can we? So out you had to go—what else could I do? And now every little back-veld dorp is worrying me with wires, saying that you are the God-sent leader of the Afrikaner people, and I am to put you back at once. Just when we are getting on so nicely, too! It's the crass gratuitousness of it all that makes me so wild."

General Hertzog's first speech after his exclusion from the Government was conciliatory—almost apologetic; and, indeed, on these grounds his re-instatement was urged. But this was immediately followed by an extraordinary speech at Smithfield, which, as General Botha remarked, was a declaration of war. He spoke about the children and interests of South Africa being laid on the altar of Moloch, whatever that may mean, and bewilderingly adduced as an instance the fact that the Government Railway Department had refused to issue half-price tickets to some youths who wished to go from Stellenbosch to Cape Town to celebrate the establishment of equal language rights. He accused the Government, of which he was so lately a member, of weakness and lack of principle, "continually hesitating, and tumbling from one extreme to the other." Meetings have been held in almost every little up-country village by "Dutch-speaking Afrikaners," wishing General Hertzog God-speed (there is always plenty of religion mixed up with South African politics), and peremptorily calling upon General Botha to reinstate him. In Cape Town and other English centres, it is said that General Hertzog has only the "back-veld" behind him; but, unfortunately, this is not so. There is a group of very intelligent and able young Afrikaners in Pretoria all for Hertzog, and even in Cape

Colony many of the most intellectually advanced among the Dutch are of his party.

The "Cape Times" was very indignant with the "Morning Post" for suggesting that General Botha's motive for the exclusion of General Hertzog was that he could not afford to do without English support. Like General Hertzog's anti-Imperialist ideas, that seems to be a thing a man may think but must not say. Poor General Botha's position is so difficult that we must make it as easy as possible for him by ascribing to him only the highest of motives.

And what is going to happen now? No one knows, and hardly anyone even dares to prophesy. The South African Party will probably be strong enough to remain externally sufficiently united to keep the Unionists from office, but after the Smithfield speech the task does not look an easy one. Meanwhile, Parliament is on the point of meeting. The "Transvaal Leader" estimates the strength of parties as follows:—Nationalists: Bothaites 37, Merrimanites 16, Hertzogites 14, Natal Nationalists 7. The other parties are as follows: Unionists 36, Labor 5, Independent 5. The situation could hardly be more interesting.—Yours, &c.,

ANTI-JINGO.

From an Up-Country Dorp, South Africa.
January 23rd, 1913.

Letters to the Editor.

LOCAL OPTION FOR WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I have read with great interest the proposal regarding woman suffrage contained in your leading article of March 1st. I am grateful to THE NATION for much that the article contains, particularly for the frank admission that suffragists have right and reason on their side when they declare emphatically, as they do, that the offer of a Private Member's Bill, with facilities, is no adequate discharge of the definite promises which were made to us by the Prime Minister in November, 1911, and also for your contention, which we have repeatedly urged, that when the Government, in consequence of the Speaker's ruling, found themselves unable to fulfil their promises to us, they should, in honor, have asked us what we considered an adequate substitute. This they have never done. When we asked for an interview on the subject with the Prime Minister, it was declined. Without consultation with us, the Government offer us what we consider a worthless substitute, and affect to be surprised and pained that we do not accept it with gratitude and effusion.

Your article puts the situation in commercial language, but with absolute accuracy, in the words—"If A and B arrange a deal, and A is unavoidably prevented from the delivery of the goods for which B contracted, it is not open to A to offer a different class of goods till he has had B's consent to the substitution." We consider that the Prime Minister has made no serious attempt to fulfil his pledges to us, and that his "honor," of which his followers so constantly chant the praises, is, as far as we are concerned, a negligible quantity.

We urge that it is now proved beyond all shadow of a doubt that the use of party machinery is necessary before the majority in the House of Commons in favor of the principle of woman suffrage can be consolidated to the point of producing an Act of Parliament. The National Union will therefore work for a united Cabinet and a Government Bill with this end in view. It will seek, by all legitimate means, to shorten the term of office of the present Cabinet, and to strengthen any political party which makes woman suffrage part of its programme.

But you, sir, suggest another solution of the difficulties of the present situation. You see with the eye of faith the Government of Mr. Asquith framing and becoming responsible for a "simple" Woman Suffrage Bill. This Bill is to be passed, but not to become law in the ordinary way; it is simply to serve as a sort of sampler which any single constituency in the United Kingdom could accept or reject at the pleasure of the electors in their area. To state the case is, in my opinion, to condemn it. As you have

yourself said in reference to the Referendum: "It is to invite us, in order to solve one special problem, to make a vast and generally distasteful alteration in our whole constitutional practice." It would need as great an effort on the part of the whole suffrage forces in the country to get the necessary legislation adopted in Parliament to put this fantastic plan into operation as it would to carry a Woman Suffrage Bill pure and simple. We have not yet seriously contemplated going back even to the Heptarchy. Mr. Winston Churchill's proposals to establish Home Rule for Lancashire and Yorkshire, and other groups of constituencies, has received no support. But the plan advocated by THE NATION is far more extreme; for it proposes to give to each constituency, "in its own good time," the power to settle what the Parliamentary franchise within its area should be. The example of the United States is quoted; but surely the comparison is wholly fallacious. The great body of the laws in each State in America has, ever since the Declaration of Independence, been the affair of its own legislature. Much might be said in criticism of this system; but, in exercising their rights to give or withhold the franchise to women, they are acting on lines which are an essential part of their constitutional practice. The plan advocated by THE NATION proposes an entire revolution in constitutional practice which would be far more difficult to pass into law than a Woman Suffrage Bill would be.

John Bright used to say, when the desirability of some wild-cat scheme of legislation was pressed upon him: "I prefer the ancient ways of the Constitution." We suffragists may well echo this statement, and hold fast to our demand that politicians should apply to women the principles of representative government which they are constantly professing. I may be told this is impossible; but I have seen many more remarkable things happen in the game of party politics. "Hold-fast is a good dog," and we decline to be shaken from our main contention, so well expressed in the earlier part of the article I am criticising, that women claim the vote as useful citizens, as human beings, and as contributors to the National Exchequer.—Yours, &c.,

MILlicent GARRETT FAWCETT.

National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies,
Great Smith Street, S.W.
March 4th, 1913.

MILITANCY AND WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The systematic destruction of property lately by the militant suffragettes, and the fact that the Conservative Press is hounding on the public to apply mob law to those destroyers, must surely make every thinking person call for a statesman to settle this burning question of woman suffrage. Is this last brutality the only solution which men have to offer women?

On Saturday last a mob of 500 people, it is reported, surrounded two suffragettes playing an organ and collecting funds. The mob smashed the organ, and applied personal violence of a particularly revolting kind to one of those ladies. The other called a policeman, who promptly arrested the two suffragettes and took them before a magistrate, who fined one, and had the other imprisoned as she refused to pay the fine. We look in vain to see the arrest of the men who smashed their organ, or of the man who so revoltingly assaulted the suffragette. This is only one incident of many which have happened lately.

Will the historian of the future not stand aghast at the spectacle of over seventeen hundred gentle, refined, and cultured women cheerfully going to prison and, not only enduring its hardships, but the torture of forcible feeding, by which many have had their health permanently injured, and some even have died from the harsh treatment they have been subjected to? Will the future historian not ask what was all this sacrifice, endurance, and courage for? And when he reads that it was the woman's struggle to get a vote (and all that this entails), which is given unasked to every male wastrel and loafer—will that historian not wonder that we could allow our young womanhood to be thus imprisoned, wasted, and embittered in this long struggle? History repeats itself. In the long struggle of the Irish for their liberty, have we not seen the same thing—the imprisonment of the flower of their race—the death of all that

was finest, the embitterment and hatred of the oppressed for the oppressor.

The past is irrevocable. We cannot give back health to the mortally wounded, nor life to the dead. Let Liberal politicians take warning, and not repeat to the womanhood of England the evil deeds done to the Irish.

In this world men and women have to live together, and men must recognise that women are deeply discontented with the laws made for them—with the place assigned to them by men. The laws and conditions of modern life imperatively demand that women shall have that principle applied to them, recognised so long ago by Napoleon: "La carriere ouvert au talent."

Force, it is said, resides with men; but there are so many forces in the world besides brute force, otherwise the finest and most spiritual energies which represent the flower of our civilisation could never have been achieved.

Moreover, woman is the strongest force in the State; for upon her depends the question of whether man's empires shall rise or fall. If she gives virile, happy, healthy citizens to the State, the Empire rises; if not, it falls.

The interest of men, therefore, is to take away the deep discontent and unhappiness with which women are facing men's injustice and imprisonment, as a reply to their demand for the vote. To wear out in this way the lives of the young womanhood of England can only end in the most disastrous way for the future of England. Women demand the vote through what they do as mothers for the race. They need it as a protection for the millions of women engaged in the industries of the country. They deserve it as the only large tax-paying class, which alone among all other classes is made to pay, though it gets no representation. It is the business of the statesman to take account of this seething discontent among women, and to recognise that they must have equality and recognition as citizens, and the means of using that equality by the possession of the vote.—Yours, &c.,

OTTILIE HANCOCK.

[We have much sympathy with our correspondent's argument. But, incidentally, it strengthens the case against the use of physical force by women, i.e., that type of force, which, as Mrs. Hancock says, "resides with men." Physical force, outside the law, being an unfamiliar, and even an unnatural, weapon with women, it is ineffectual, and its use is at once answered by the application of the male's idea of unregulated force, accompanied by gross indignities. A more extreme use of force by women might provoke a more extreme retort by men, and the law which the suffragettes despise and violate would be increasingly invoked in their favor. Meanwhile, the spiritual weapons which women wield with unexampled power are neglected or only partially used. Surely a double wrong is thus done to the women's cause.—ED., NATION.]

MR. CHESTERTON AND "LITTLE BETHEL."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I confess to being a little disappointed with your review of Mr. G. K. Chesterton's "Victorian Age in Literature." Whatever the omissions of other journals, I thought I could rely on THE NATION pointing out that in a volume purporting to deal with Victorian writers, and in a chapter devoted to great Victorian novelists, the names of Mark Rutherford and George Gissing are not even mentioned, though those of Ouida and Shorthouse are. I thought, too, that THE NATION would not fail to deprecate the insulting references to Dissent which disfigure its pages. Of such references the following is a sample:—

"Thus, for instance, he [Dickens] hated that Little Bethel to which Kit's mother went: he hated it simply as Kit hated it. Newman could have told him it was hateful, because it had no root in religious history; it was not even a sapling sprung of the seed of some great human and heathen tree; it was a monstrous mushroom that grows in the moonshine and dies in the dawn. Dickens knew no more of religious history than Kit; he simply smelt the fungus, and it stank."

There are three things to be said about this coarse and ignorant passage: First, that Dickens understood "Little Bethel" as much as Mr. Chesterton, and that is not at all; second, the roots of "Little Bethel" go down as deep as human need, and its history is as old as the Upper Room;

third, this "monstrous mushroom" is still vital in a thousand villages, not dying but renewing its strength with every dawn, no fungus bred of moonshine, dead and stinking in the light, but born of the Spirit which "bloweth where it listeth," fragrant with the perfume of saintly souls, who live holier lives because of its presence, strong and enduring as the oak; for centuries of contumely, misrepresentation, and scorn have not even shaken down one of its healing leaves, sacred as that first Bethel, and for the same reason, for there "God answered me in the day of my distress, and was with me in the way which I went." "Little Bethel" has seen and heard many "Mr. Chesterton's" in its long history, and has outlasted all their clever sneers and worldly laughter, and it has done so because it "descended out of heaven from God."—Yours, &c.,

RICHARD MUDIE-SMITH.

62, Rotherwick Road, Golder's Green, N.W.

March 2nd, 1913.

THE SCOTTISH TEMPERANCE BILL.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—All your correspondents, re the Scottish Temperance Bill, have omitted to take any note of one important and vital consideration. Both Lord Pentland, the Scottish Secretary, and the Lord Advocate, were pledged in public utterance to the view that "there would be the fullest opportunity for the consideration of all proposals, which might be made to vary the Bill from the form in which it reached the Grand Committee."

This was explicit, and was accepted as such by supporters of management. It will be within the recollection of your readers that this pledge was never redeemed, and that, on the contrary, it was explicitly stated in Grand Committee that to introduce management meant wrecking the Bill. Indeed, it was more than once suggested that amendments would wreck the Bill. For example, an amendment moved by myself to increase the age-limit of service to eighteen (the age in Gothenburg) was resisted by the Scottish Secretary, and rejected on a division in which he co-operated with Sir George Younger and others.

This failure to redeem pledges in itself would absolve supporters of management from any charges made by Mr. Wood and others.

The main reason, however, that I venture to write to your columns is to point out that the claim that Scotland demands this Bill in its original form is really very much overdone. I suppose what all temperance reformers really desire is a Bill, the provisions of which shall be operative. In Glasgow, only a few weeks ago, the Corporation undertook a referendum on similar provisions at the instigation of the temperance party. This was a very thorough and comprehensive plebiscite. Every elector in Glasgow, numbering a quarter of a million, and representing a population of one million, or one-fourth of the entire population of Scotland, was asked by means of a reply-paid postcard whether he or she was in favor of reduction, increase, or no change. The ballot-box was then placed on the breakfast-table of the electors. They were asked to take the minimum of trouble. With what result? Only 55 per cent. took the trouble to reply, and of these just inside 30 per cent. of the electorate voted for reduction. If the poll had been under the Bill, veto would not have been carried anywhere. And in only 13 of the 37 wards in Glasgow would reduction have been carried. In the 13 wards concerned there are now 667 ordinary licences. A 25 per cent. reduction means that they would be reduced to 500. There are 80,000 electors in these wards, which means that there is one public-house for every 120 electors. The reduction under the Bill would give one for 160. This, then, is the result of a very fair, adequate, and representative appeal to the real people of Scotland. It is true that the organised temperance forces in Scotland and Liberal executives, &c., favor veto proposals, and, indeed, demand them; but the Bill is not required for such people. I cannot conceive what satisfaction they can derive from insisting on a measure which, when placed in almost the identical terms before the electorate by the great and powerful Corporation of Glasgow, reveals the disappointing fact that it would only operate in a very meagre fashion. I prefer, personally, to put more weight upon the figures of

that plebiscite than upon the iteration and reiteration of temperance people who seek to impose upon others what is not even necessary for themselves.

Sir Thomas Whittaker, M.P., while he criticised adversely the specific proposal of the Lords in the present Bill, at the same time said in the House of Commons:—

"When some of my friends tell me that they are in favor of prohibition as against management, I agree; so am I, and I want it; but what I want them to face is, What are they going to do in a district where they cannot carry their veto? And it is there where I think it would be useful."

Apparently, the organised temperance forces are not prepared to face this situation, even in view of the Glasgow referendum. Some of us who remain Liberal as well as temperance advocates are not only prepared to trust the people with the option of management, but are anxious to meet a real need, in view of those figures. We appeal beyond the prejudices of officialdom to the crying and insistent need of the people. Management is the one option which would destroy the monopoly of the trade, where veto cannot be carried. It is the monopoly and the stimulus of private gain that make the trade powerful financially, municipally, and politically, and it is madness not to secure the weapon that will more effectively deal with those in this Bill.

I have covered the main objections urged by your correspondent, but there is one point in Mr. Gordon's letter worth noting specially. He suggests that it may be possible to extract the full monopoly value for the public exchequer as the result of experience, in preference to adopting management.

What becomes of implicating the State in the profits of the trade? One constantly reiterated objection to management is that the people do not desire to be further implicated than they are at present in the proceeds of the traffic.

Here is a counter-proposal from an opponent of management, which also implicates the same people. To such straits are opponents of management put in trying to kill a useful option!—Yours, &c.,

J. M. HOGGE.

East Edinburgh, March 3rd, 1913.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Those who have long watched the semi-mechanical manufacture by a few men who control certain temperance journals of resolutions against disinterested management are grateful to you (as also to the "Manchester Guardian," the "Chronicle," and "News") for recognising the strong case for the fourth option. It is no Southern movement; it has weighty support in Scotland. The memorial to the Prime Minister in its behalf from Scotland was, on account of the large number of esteemed names, far stronger evidence of Scottish opinion on the subject than any number of stereotyped resolutions could be. If, as Mr. Gordon states, there is no demand for this option, why the pothole? Its introduction in no way "mutilates" the Bill; it simply remains unused. If, on the other hand, the conviction of the Scottish memorialists that such an option is essential, if real headway is to be made in the larger towns, is widely held, the Scottish Bill offers the earliest opportunity of making an experiment. A Liberal administration ought surely to trust the people in such a matter.

Mr. McKinnon Wood, unfortunately, was new to the subject, and, as events showed, had been misled. He had been told, among other things, that the fourth option would wreck the Bill. We hope that he now sees that the inclusion of an option of a well-thought-out scheme of company control in the Bill next year offers the best chance of the measure's passing by consent.

Some of your correspondents suggest that the original Bill should pass under the Parliament Act. This Act is too valuable an asset to be discredited thus. The amendment under discussion was framed by peers, it is true; but such peers as Lords Lytton and Balfour of Burleigh, by their courageous support of the Licensing Bill of 1908, are marked as real friends of temperance legislation. Then the leading members of the Cabinet are known to be favorable to the option; and the feeling in the House when this amendment was before it was quite unusual. The exclusion of this

amendment (in some form or other) is clearly not a matter upon which the Commons feel so strongly as to warrant the use of the Parliament Act to secure it.

With Mr. Sinclair, most of the supporters of the fourth option would gladly see the Bill enacted in its restricted form rather than not at all, for it is capable of much service in rural districts, small towns, and some residential wards of larger ones. But it would be a great loss that its service should not be more than doubled by the insertion of this option next session, especially if the broadening of the scope of the measure would increase its chance of an early appearance on the Statute Book, and also of a kindlier welcome.—Yours, &c.,

T. NEILD.

Leominster, March 4th, 1913.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The medical profession see the effects of alcoholic excess in a way that no other part of the community see them. Our attention was first directed to those effects by the authoritative book on alcoholism, written by Dr. Magnus, of Norway, in the 'forties, when that country consumed more strong alcoholic liquor per head of its population than any nation in Europe, and when the diseases caused by excess were threatening its people with widespread disease and degeneracy. Norway has since mended her ways, so she is now a sober country, and alcoholism is rare there. This has come about by good legislation. Our profession know that it is not the liquor only which causes 5 per cent. of all our diseases, 10 per cent. of our nervous diseases, and 20 per cent. of our mental diseases among men in Great Britain. It is the way the drink is taken, the environment of our public-houses, and the kind of alcohol consumed. As a profession, we have come to the conclusion that if drink was always well diluted, if it was taken slowly, sitting down, always with some kind of food, and not gulped down on empty stomachs and standing at bars, we should not have anything like the amount or kinds of alcoholic disease that is now so fearfully prevalent, and causes such widespread degeneracy, bodily and mental, in our people, not to speak of the moral evils. The present medical experience of Norway, and also the experience of countries where diluted alcoholic drinks are chiefly taken with food in comfortable restaurants, shows, beyond possibility of dispute, that if our people would take their "refreshments" in a more rational way, sitting in a comfortable room, with water to dilute their whisky, with food and hot coffee handy, and with the drinks pure, we should have far less disease resulting.

Such conditions are better attainable in the licensed houses of disinterested companies than in the ordinary public-house. We ask: Why not give this method a fair trial as a part of the preventive medicine that has done, and is doing, so much for the health and well-being of the peoples of Europe? It does not seem a rational or a scientific proceeding not to allow an "option" at least in the new Temperance Bill. All our past beneficent health legislation has begun by tentative experiments—the method of science. No man, not even an M.P., can be quite sure of the effects of any Act of Parliament. I believe I express the general feeling of the profession of medicine and the public health authorities when I make this earnest appeal to give "Disinterested Management" a fair trial.—Yours, &c.,

T. S. CLOUSTON, M.D.

26, Heriot Row, Edinburgh.

March 6th, 1913.

THE LAW AND MRS. PANKHURST.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The case of Mrs. Pankhurst must have two effects. The first is to call attention to the scandal of the Circuit System. The whole secret of a wise criminal law is that it must be swift. Under our present system, a man who is too poor to find bail may, on a petty charge, be kept in custody for three months or more, and finally be found not guilty of the charge preferred against him. Not only is this a terrible punishment to the man who may be innocent, but it punishes his wife and children who, during the time that he is awaiting trial, may be forced upon the parish to keep alive.

Our present system may ruin a man, his wife, and children, because he is charged with a crime that he has not committed. To take another instance, it seems a little short of torture to keep a man or a woman in custody three months awaiting their trial on a capital charge.

The second effect of the case of Mrs. Pankhurst is that the Home Secretary, by removing her trial from its proper Assizes town to London, acknowledges the political nature of her offence. How, then, can he deny the suffragettes the right of imprisonment in the First Division? He also acknowledges that, even on remand, he cannot keep Mrs. Pankhurst in prison for three months against her will. What, then, is the point of going through the solemn farce of trying her upon a charge on which she can receive a sentence of penal servitude?

One of the chief justifications of law is that by punishing the guilty it prevents the mob taking revenge. Under the present inert administration of the law by the Home Office these women can avoid the law whenever they wish, and the consequence is that everywhere we see outbreaks of mob violence against them.

Hoping you will be able to insert this letter, I enclose my card, and remain,—Yours, &c.,

A LIBERAL BARRISTER.

The Temple, March 6th, 1913.

MR. SHAW AND MR. FRY.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I do not complain. If I were as good a shot as Mr. Shaw, I should think it my duty to mistake the neighbors' heads for cocoa-nuts. Wit is better than Truth, and much rarer; but Truth is better than nothing. So in case any of your readers should have been so simple as to suppose that Mr. Shaw was bothering about what I said, will you let me tell them that I did not make a distinction between "academic" and "aesthetic" drawing. As Mr. Shaw justly observes, no such distinction exists; an academic drawing may or may not have aesthetic significance. I did distinguish between two views of Art—"the official" and "the aesthetic"; and I went on to say that the meaning to be attached to the term "good drawing" will depend upon the class to which the critic who uses it belongs. Certainly, Art, like everything else, needs ethical justification; and, certainly, "good drawing" has ethical value; but it is not for that reason we call it "good." Good drawing is ethically valuable, because it is a means to good states of mind, which, according to Mr. G. E. Moore, are alone good as ends. But when we speak of a good picture, we are not thinking of it as a means to good states of mind, but as a means to aesthetic emotion.

In the same way, when a trainer speaks of a "good" horse, he is not thinking of it as the friend and servant of man, but as a probable race-winner.

I suspect Mr. Shaw is right in supposing that good art comes of good emotions; but that is beyond proof. May I add that, if anyone believed that Mr. Shaw was not an artist, the account of his visit to Mr. Harker's studio will have put an end to one fallacy at least?—Yours, &c.,

CLIVE BELL.

46, Gordon Square, Bloomsbury.

March 2nd, 1913.

MR. MAXSE'S FACTS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The passage in Mr. Maxse's evidence which I had in mind was this: "(Q.) Will you state the purport of any verbal communication you have had on the above subjects, with the names of those with whom you have communicated? (A.) I cannot mention the names of people with whom I have communicated, but I have no objection to state the purport of what I have been told."

Reading this answer, I thought you had stated the case against Mr. Maxse a little too strongly; but, on the other hand, I recognise that I am in error in assuming this answer extended to an offer to disclose "facts," as distinct from communications of a verbal character.—Yours, &c.,

C. H. NORMAN.

National Liberal Club, Whitehall, S.W.

March 2nd, 1913.

[The "purport" of these communications is surely

defined by Mr. Maxse's general explanation of the kind of "facts" he did and the kind of "facts" he did not possess. Judging by these definitions they were a strictly limited type of "facts."—ED., NATION.]

WHISTLER AND SHAW.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Unless George Bernard Shaw can give a description of, and state where, "Whistler exhibited drawings in which the faces were deliberately spoiled by slashing a pencil across them," &c., it would be better if he confined himself, in his functions of universal letter-writer, to subjects of which he is less ignorant, and liable, therefore, to render himself less ridiculous. His cackle on Art may delight a few of your readers; it bores most of them.—Yours, &c.,

JOSEPH PENNELL.

3, Adelphi Terrace House, Robert Street, Strand,
London, W.C. March 4th, 1913.

[We should not personally have catalogued Mr. Shaw among the bores.—ED., NATION.]

LICENSING LAW.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Mr. Fred Topham seems to have overlooked the fact that Sections 4 and 14 of the Act of 1828, to which Section 16 of the Act of 1902 applies, referred only to licences in existence, and make no reference whatever to an application for a new licence. The provision against rejected applications has never applied, and therefore cannot have been used to "any large extent," or any extent at all, to applications for new licences. It is quite time that such power was given to the licensing justices.—Yours, &c.,

L. STILEMAN-GIBBARD,

D.L. County of Bedford.

Castle Close, Sharnbrook, Beds.

March 5th, 1913.

Poetry.

FRANCIS THOMPSON.

Thou hadst no home, and thou couldst see
In every street the windows' light;
Dragging thy limbs about all night,
No window kept a light for thee.

However much thou wert distressed,
Or tired of moving, and felt sick,
Thy life was on the open deck—
Thou hadst no cabin for thy rest.

Thy barque was helpless 'neath the sky,
No pilot thought thee worth his pains
To guide for love or money gains—
Like phantom ships the rich sailed by.

Thy shadow mocked thee night and day,
Thy life's companion, it alone;
It did not sigh, it did not moan,
But mocked thy moves in every way.

In spite of all, the mind had force,
And, like a stream whose surface flows
The wrong way when a strong wind blows,
It underneath maintained its course.

Oft didst thou think thy mind would flower
Too late for good, as some bruised tree
That blooms in Autumn, and we see
Fruit not worth picking, hard and sour.

Some poets feign their wounds and scars.
If they had known real suffering hours,
They'd show, in place of Fancy's flowers,
More of Imagination's stars.

So, if thy fruits of Poesy
Are rich, it is at this dear cost—
That they were nipt by Sorrow's frost,
In nights of homeless misery.

WILLIAM H. DAVIES.



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The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "Zones of the Spirit: A Book of Thoughts." By August Strindberg. Translated by Claud Field. (Allen. 5s. net.)
- "Development and Purpose: An Essay Towards a Philosophy of Evolution." By L. T. Hobhouse. (Macmillan. 10s. net.)
- "The Baconian Heresy: A Confutation." By J. M. Robertson, M.P. (Jenkins. 21s. net.)
- "History of English Nonconformity. Vol. II. From the Restoration to the Close of the 19th Century." By Henry W. Clark. (Chapman & Hall. 15s. net.)
- "Covent Garden: Its Romance and History." By Reginald Jacobs. (Simpkin, Marshall. 6s. net.)
- "John Greenleaf Whittier: His Life and Work." By Georgina King Lewis. (Headley. 3s. 6d. net.)
- "The Mating of Lydia." By Mrs. Humphry Ward. (Smith, Elder. 6s.)
- "L'Avant-Guerre Etudes et Documents sur L'Espionnage Juif-Allemand en France depuis L'Affaire Dreyfus." Par Léon Daudet. (Paris: Nouvelle Librairie Nationale. 3fr. 50.)
- "De Sofia à Tchataldja." Par René Puaux. (Paris: Perrin. 3fr. 50.)
- "Der Tod in Venedig." Novelle von Thomas Mann. (Berlin: Fischer. M.2. 50.)

DURING the past few years it has become the vogue for journals to entertain their readers with extracts from their own or other columns of a hundred years ago. There is a sort of fascination in turning over the pages of the newspapers and magazines published at the beginning of last century, and our readers may find some interest in an account of the "Quarterly Review" for 1813. The "Quarterly" was then in its fifth year of existence, and Gifford had already made it a vigorous rival to the "Edinburgh," of which Jeffrey had taken over the editorship. The four numbers of the "Quarterly" for 1813 contain fifty articles, but, oddly enough, not one of them is concerned with Napoleon, though it was the year that Leipzig gave a decisive turn to his fortunes. There is, indeed, some abuse of him in a review of Barzoni's "Romani nella Grecia," and he is mentioned in passing by the writer of an article on "Russia," and by the reviewer of Dr. Edward Clarke's "Travels in Various Countries of Europe, Asia, and Africa."

TURNING, first of all, as is only natural in the world of books, to the literary announcements, we find that a periodical miscellany, "The New Monthly Magazine," is about to make its appearance. The projectors draw attention to their venture in the following terms:—

"After an experience of so many years, it would be an insult on the understanding of the public, and a waste of time, to expatiate on the benefits resulting from periodical publications when judiciously conducted; or to point out their peculiar tendency to diffuse and foster a taste for literature, and for the arts and sciences, to refine the manners, to give a proper bias to the sentiments, and consequently to improve and embellish all the various forms of social life. It is equally true, on the other hand, that under the control of the unprincipled and designing, they may be made subservient to the worst passions, and degenerate into mere tools of malignity, self-interest, and disaffection."

PREPARED by this exordium, the reader is in a position to appreciate the benefits to art, science, literature, and social life, which "The New Monthly Magazine" promises.

"To a desire to counteract the poison industriously disseminated in a periodical work of extensive circulation; or rather to furnish such of its readers as are disgusted with the effrontery, the egotism, and the crooked political principles displayed in it, with an agreeable substitute—the plan of the NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE owes its existence. Its projectors, declaring themselves bound to no party, either in Literature or Politics, and founding their claims to encouragement on the broad basis of GENERAL UTILITY, are solicitous to render their intended work a Theatre for Discussion on every subject that can interest the human mind, an Asylum for the fugitive productions of Genius and Fancy, a Register of every Novelty in the Arts, Sciences, and Letters, in a word, A COMPLETE RECORD AND CHRONICLE OF THE TIMES, equally acceptable to the scholar and the philosopher, to the man of leisure and the man of business."

This repository of all the virtues was published by "Mr. Colburn, Public Library, 50, Conduit Street, Hanover Square, London," and we may remark that, at various times, Thomas Campbell, Bulwer Lytton, Theodore Hook, and Harrison Ainsworth occupied its editorial chair.

ANOTHER announcement, that of "Madame de Staël's long-suppressed work on Germany," deserves to be quoted at length, if only to show the skill with which the John Murray of those days drew up his advertisements.

"DE L'ALLEMAGNE,

"PAR MAD. LA BARONNE DE STAËL HOLSTEIN.

"THIS interesting work, whose mysterious suppression has so long excited the curiosity of Europe, consists of the result of Madame de Staël's Observations on the *Manners*, the *Society*, the *Literature*, and the *Philosophy*, of the Germans.

"An edition, consisting of 10,000 Copies, was actually printed at Paris in the year 1810; and although, in its course through the press, it was submitted to the Literary Police, the whole impression was suddenly destroyed, in consequence of the immediate mandate of BUONAPARTE. One copy, however, escaped, and from that the present edition is printing. It will contain all the passages originally struck out by the Censors of the Press; and a copious new preface, detailing the history of this curious and unprecedented literary persecution.

"The work is otherwise valuable for its acute and lively remarks upon a people, with the present state of whose society and literature we are little acquainted, and who are peculiarly interesting at this time from the glorious part they are acting in the great drama of European politics. It is known to be the most able work of an author who has already been designated 'as, beyond all comparison, the first female writer of the age.'"

What book-buyer could resist this invitation?

FOLLOWING upon Mr. Murray's announcements is a list of works "preparing for publication this season by Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown." Here are some of the contents:—

- "History of Great Britain, from the Revolution in 1688, to the French Revolution in 1789." By Sir James Mackintosh, M.P., LL.D., F.R.S.
- "A New Work." By the Author of "Evelina," "Cecilia," and "Camilla." In 5 vols., 12mo.
- "Roderick, the Last of the Goths. A Poem." By Robert Southey. In one volume, 4to.
- "The Pastor's Fire-Side." By Miss Porter. Author of "Thaddeus of Warsaw," and "Scottish Chiefs." In 3 vols., duodecimo.
- "The Speeches of the Right Honourable Charles James Fox, in the House of Commons, from his entrance into Parliament in 1768, to the Year 1806. With Memoirs, Introduction, &c." In 6 vols. 8vo.
- "The Speeches of the Rt. Hon. Edmund Burke. With Memoirs, Introduction, &c."
- "Outlines of Natural Philosophy." Part II. By John Playfair. In octavo.
- "Moonshine." In Two Volumes, Octavo. Consisting of Remarks, in Verse, on various Subjects; and on Part of England and Wales, particularly Arundel, Northampton, Bath, Hereford, Brecon, Anglesea, Carnarvon, and the adjacent Seats.
- "The Ruminator." By Sir E. Brydges, K.J., M.P. Containing a series of Moral, Critical, and Sentimental Essays. In Two Volumes, Foolscap, 8vo.

WHEN we turn from the advertisements to the literary contents of the "Quarterly" for 1813, one of the first things we notice is that it is far from "being so savage and tartarly" as might be imagined. There are reviews of Byron's "Giaour" and "Bride of Abydos," of Miss Edgeworth's "Patronage," Rogers's "Poems," McCrie's "Life of John Knox," Mrs. Elizabeth Montagu's "Letters," and Grimm and Diderot's "Correspondance Littéraire." In no case is the author treated in savage fashion. Mrs. Montagu, indeed, is taken to task for dealing largely "in stale, pedantic, unprofitable morality; praising that which was never blamed, insisting upon that which was never denied, and condemning that which nobody ever undertook to defend," and Byron is congratulated on having, in his later editions, "embraced every opportunity of introducing new interpolations for the purpose of softening what was too coarse in the first sketch." But the whole tone of the reviews is far removed from the rancor and bitterness which Croker was then preparing to introduce.

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Reviews.

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THE books of statesmen about statesmen have always a double interest, for the light thrown on the author no less than for the subject he may be treating. Lord Rosebery's "Life of Chatham" was a singular revelation of Lord Rosebery's eccentric talents; Lord Morley's "Life of Gladstone" was indirectly a pronouncement of the author's political creed. But when Dr. Woodrow Wilson wrote this "Life" of Washington seventeen years ago, there was no one in America who would have imagined that he himself was destined to fill the supreme office first held by his hero. Only a year ago, Americans who had witnessed the novel evolution of Colonel Roosevelt the journalist into Mr. Roosevelt the President were a little perturbed at the idea of the late President of Princeton University turning into President of the United States. Then, at any rate, his political platform was well known and understood. His most recent book has been a pronouncement of the President-Elect—a public man writing about public affairs. But in this "Life" of Washington we have Dr. Wilson, a private citizen, an American professor, writing a plain, popular history of the national hero. It is no more, and no less. The author had at the time no privileged knowledge of the ways of government. He reveals no profoundly critical interest in the making of that fixed Constitution which handicaps any progressive President to-day. He has little to say about the infinitely important consequences of that last pregnant phase of Washington's career.

It is a careful, judicious, popular history, written apparently for students who are to become versed in facts, morality, and patriotism. This sort of education is important in America; for it is in the schools that thousands of young aliens are annually turned into the most ardent of American citizens; and the unassailable virtues of George Washington are the bedrock foundation of the whole system. To discover any flaw in Washington's character or career would be to undermine the United States. To suspect him of a single error in judgment would betray a lack of the essential national sentiment. Dr. Wilson takes the approved view throughout. He even uses the language of current eulogy when he speaks of him as a lad—manly, indomitable, thoroughbred; there is frequent praise of "the singular majesty and poise of this revolutionary hero . . . great in action" and "a great gentleman," or of "the majesty, the nobility, the unsullied greatness of the man." We are instructed to see him as an "object-lesson" to the people of his own time as he is an object-lesson to-day.

"No man or woman, or child even, was likely to miss the lesson. That noble figure drew all eyes to it; that mien, as if the man were a prince; that sincere and open countenance, which every man could see was lighted by a good conscience; that cordial ease in salute, as of a man who felt himself brother to his friends. There was something about Washington that quickened the pulses of a crowd at the same time that it awed them, that drew cheers which were a sort of worship. Children desired sight of him, and men felt lifted after he had passed. It was good to have such a man ride all the way from Philadelphia to Cambridge, in sight of the people, to assume command of the people's army."

That passage gives us the tone of the book heard on every page. It is in the nature of a panegyric rather than a sedately critical biography. Washington is the emblem of the national character. He is a monument which must be held inviolate, like the sacred Constitution. Even his apparent minor defects must be understood to be virtues. If he betters his position by marrying a great heiress, that is to the credit of his astuteness. If he gambles in Western estates, that shows how far-sighted he was, how human, and how Imperially he thought; if he was defeated on the Brandywine River, that very defeat is turned to his advantage; if, in his last years, he crushed out his democratic opponents as ruthlessly as Pitt was crushing out his opponents in England, that was because he was resolute, because he knew the danger, because he believed that he alone could preserve the Republic.

And Dr. Wilson has achieved his end in making of the life of Washington a fascinating romance. He delights, above all things, to reveal him as a private citizen living the life of a country gentleman among his family and his neighbors, going the round of his estate, riding gaily to hounds, transacting business with Virginians and merchants in distant London, a dignified but not ungenial figure, fond of society, but fonder of his home. He gives a glowing picture of the life of the leading colonists of Virginia, the descendants of cavaliers, the most cosmopolitan of Americans, hospitable, free-and-easy, but always to some extent in touch with European culture. Young Washington himself was on the most intimate terms with the Governor, with Lord Halifax, and men who went to and fro between England and Virginia. He was schooled in the open air. He surveyed and opened up the rough district out of which Lord Fairfax carved for himself an estate. He was chosen to carry a message from the English Governor to the French trespassers at Presque Isle, and bid them "peaceably to depart," and in mid-winter crossed two hundred and fifty miles of forest country intersected by swollen rivers. He was still a very young man when he gained his first experience of fighting, commanding the volunteers who were sent recklessly forward to dislodge the French from the Ohio. When General Braddock was ignominiously defeated by a motley array of Frenchmen and Indians, Washington came out with glory as the man who brought back the survivors and defended the frontier against raiders. He returned, a conspicuous personage, to marry a rich lady, to look after large estates, to conduct business affairs, and sit in the House of Burgesses, where he was respected as the silent man of action.

But though we may think that Dr. Wilson has added nothing to the stature of Washington by making him so picturesque and romantic a figure, it is impossible not to feel, as he evidently feels, that without Washington the Revolution is hardly thinkable, and without him the successful nation-making which followed might have been put back for generations. When the struggle broke out, Washington was by no means marked out as the leader of the colonists; he was not even the leader of the Virginians—Peyton Randolph and Richard Henry Lee headed the list of Virginian delegates to the Congress. He was not expected to guide its policy or draw up its resolutions; but there was none other to command the army. "This is the seventh year," said the Marquis de Chastellux towards the end of the war, "that he has commanded the army, and that he has obeyed the Congress; more need not be said."

The Congress was very far from being a Parliament of the country. Its members had no power apart from the assemblies of the separate colonies which deputed them. These colonies, or states, were proud of their independent existence; they had never been accustomed to common action; their people were of different religions and temperaments, to some extent even of different races. The only evident community between them was the community of opposition to the British power, and that was represented by Washington and the rag-tag and bob-tail constituting his army. It was he who had to organize this army; who had to drill it and keep it together in times of distress; who had to prevail upon a discordant Congress to keep him supplied with money and provisions. The country as a whole was comparatively prosperous when Washington and his troops were starving in 1777—it was far too vast a country to be occupied by the comparatively small armies of the British. Dr. Wilson states emphatically: "The naked fact was that the Confederacy was falling apart for lack of a Government. Local selfishness had overmastered national feeling, and only a few men like Washington held the breaking structure together." Again and again, when everything was jeopardised by the apathy of the civilians, his ceaseless energy and diplomacy brought them back to activity, whilst his own personality was the force which kept the army in the field.

And, again, in the critical years after the war, it was the supreme personal influence of Washington which weighed down the scale in favor of federalism, and federalism being accomplished, in favor of a strongly centralised authority. He had been one of the pioneers who had seen the significance of the vast territories West of the Alleghanies; for him the question was whether the settlers in those distant lands were to be united with the States in one continental country, or were they to be won to the British in the North, or the

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Spaniards to the South, or to be entirely independent. He threw all the weight of his official position and his prestige on the side of centralisation, in spite of the fact that his action created a "party system" in America, and won him the enmity of Jefferson. He had always been what we in England should call a Whig. It was the Whiggism strong in America, and especially represented by himself, which prevented the American Republic from catching the contagion of the French Revolution. Washington had no sympathy with the French Revolution. He had imagination enough, as Burke had, to see something of what it meant for the spirit; but this was not of the same order as that sturdy and practical impulse which had led the colonists to rebel; and Washington accepted a second term of office, it is generally argued, to save America from the extravagance of the French Revolution, or from throwing in her lot with France.

It may be doubted if there was ever any serious danger of America contemplating anything of the sort. She was much more concerned about the British impressment of American citizens and the claim to search ships than about the Rights of Man as an abstract proposition. It was to Washington's credit as a diplomatist that he staved off, during his lifetime at least, a second war with England about a very practical trading issue.

It is of great interest to know what Dr. Wilson thought of democracy and the duties of a President seventeen years ago, at a time when he was speaking as a private citizen, unhampered by the prospects of becoming a President. He endorses the statement of Washington that "it is on great occasions only, and after time has been given for cool and deliberate reflection, that the real voice of the people can be known." He adds, however, on his own account: "but a great risk must be run in waiting to know it." Washington is his ideal of a great and, indeed, perfect President, and he says of him:—

"He was sensitive to the movements of opinion; wished above all things to have the Government supported by the people's approval; was never weary of writing to those who were in a position to know, to ask them what they and their neighbors soberly thought about the questions and policies under debate; was never so impatient as to run recklessly ahead of manifest public opinion. . . . Washington's spirit was of the majestic sort that keeps a great and hopeful confidence that the right view will prevail; that the 'standard to which the wise and honest will repair' is also the standard to which the whole people will rally at last, if it be but held long and steadily enough on high to be seen of all."

The book is of interest as a lucid, vigorous, if somewhat too romantic, study of Washington's epoch-making life. It is also of interest as an index to the personality and temperament of the President-Elect of the United States. It shows him as a man with that considerable grasp of the broader trend of history which he is reputed to possess; of an enthusiastic rather than a critical nature; an essentially simple man; a homely moralist, not free from sentimentalism; possessed of unfailing optimism and cheerfulness, and an unbounded belief in his country and the men of his country; kindly; evidently industrious, but easy-going; not wholly free from the dangerous love of sheer rhetoric, but entirely free from its violence; a strange contrast, surely, with that man of iron who set the Republic on its legs. It is a book well worth reading side by side with the more recent expression of his views that has just been published.

SOME POETS OF TO-DAY.

"Georgian Poetry, 1911-1912." (The Poetry Book Shop 3s. 6d. net.)

It is the fate of poets not yet famous to be inadequately reviewed. Poetry is difficult to interpret—there is that to be said on behalf of readers and reviewers, and it is truer of the poet than of other writers that "you must love him ere to you he will seem worthy of your love." A state of the poet's own mind is always the real subject of a poem; incidents and objects are only the terms in which it is expressed, and the completeness with which we enter into the mind of another largely depends on our confidence in the integrity of his vision and the sincerity of his words. It is true we are trusting creatures, some of us, and a single poem, one stanza, one thing perfectly expressed, is often

enough to give us faith in a poet and supply the light by which to read him, but unless this confidence is confirmed it is apt to fade. In the case of the famous and the dead, it has been repeatedly confirmed, so that even when they fail we still believe in them. The dead are oftener judged by their successes, the living by their failures. Here lies the new poet's great disadvantage. In his case no weakness is condoned, and while we do not know him well enough to expand his meaning to its full significance, his defects must throw doubt on his merits, and his obscurities upon the genuineness of his vision. We ignore no faults of his as fumes of a peculiar fire; on the contrary, we snuff them up contemptuously. "This man a fine poet? Just listen, then, to this!"—if you introduce a book of new poems to anyone, that is quite likely to be the kind of reception it will receive; and down he settles in comfortable censoriousness to read a page or so, with an expression on his face which says plainly, "Shelley I know and Keats I know, but who is this?" There is an admissible tendency in many to believe that all really good poets are either dead or recognised already. It is the homage that the ordinary reader pays to genius to believe it is extinct.

Now this anthology will do more than dozens and dozens of reviews to show people that good poetry of the most various kinds is being written now. The editor has limited his selection to two years (1911-1912); and by doing so he has lost poems which otherwise would have been included; but if his selection loses in that way, it gains in this, that we are impressed with the amount of original beauty which can be gleaned, not even from a decade, but from writings almost fresh enough to be described as recently published.

The three best known names in this anthology are Sturge Moore, Masfield, Lascelles Abercrombie. There is more imaginative poetry to be found in Mr. Sturge Moore's work than in any of his contemporaries. He is perhaps the most poetical of them all in the conception of his subjects. He has the pure æsthetic passion. As a craftsman he is often faulty. There are odd wrynesses in his thought, his work has seldom the grace of ease, intellectual excitement sometimes makes him overlabor an idea; but of modern poets he is one in whom the passion of the artist is most intense. Writing from that plane, he can be amazingly unconscious of his readers' sense of the ludicrous and indifferent to their impatience. Here he is represented by "A Sicilian Idyll." He writes for artists, and they are few; but anyone with a literary sense, though he may be jarred occasionally by what seems an infelicitous word, can feel the distinction of his descriptive passages.

Mr. Masfield is at the present moment the most widely read of poets; he has succeeded in overcoming the popular prejudice that whatever brevity may be to wit, it is certainly the soul of agreeable poetry. As much novelist as poet, he tells a story and describes character in a masterly fashion, and he gives us poetry by the way. Stories in verse are common in English literature, but Mr. Masfield's stories blend in an original fashion the fascinations of poetry and prose. In "Enoch Arden" the value of the characterisation is nil, the verbal beauty everything; in T. E. Brown's sketches and stories it is only emotion and melodrama that count; Crabbe has the artistic equipment of a realist, and the mind of an exceedingly sensible country parson; his beauty is the beauty of fine, direct, compact prose; but Mr. Masfield tells his stories with the flexible exuberance of poetry, without the tragedy and comedy of character being lost sight of for a moment. "Biography" in this anthology is a beautiful, entertaining piece of literature.

Mr. Abercrombie as a poet has an astonishing power of dramatic psychological analysis. He is a vehement, imaginative thinker. If he were a race-horse he might be described as by Browning out of Elizabethan drama. The vigor and distinction of his phrases is a continual delight; but the beauty his writing has for the mind is far greater than the charm of it to the ear. The sound of phrases is magnificent; the rhythm of passages inferior to that. He does not harangue the reader personally like Browning; he states things like an Elizabethan. His language is not like brilliant talk; it has the elaborated compact force of the written word. Otherwise, there is something Browningsque in the cumulative subtlety of his treatment of crucial moments, and in the free, hurrying vigor of his descriptions. His poem on St. Thomas's mission to India is one of the

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very best in this book. Here is a characteristic passage, but not a whit more vigorous than many others.

"And flies! the land of flies! where the hot soil
Foul with ceaseless decay steams into flies!
So thick they pile themselves into the air above
Their meal of filth, they seem like breathing heaps
Of formless life mounded upon the earth;
And buzzing always like the pipes and strings
Of solemn music made for sorcerers.—
I abhor flies,—to see them stare upon me
Out of their little faces of gibbous eyes;
To feel the dry, cool skin of their bodies alight
Perching upon my lips!—Oh, yes, a dream,
A dream of impious, obscene Satan, this
Monstrous frenzy of life, the Indian being!"

To pass now to the lesser known of Georgian poets: the imagination of Mr. Rupert Brooke is both ecstatic and harsh. His explosions of passion in an ether too rarefied for common lovers' sighs, alternating with recoils of hatred against whatever is physically humiliating, put one in mind of Donne. He is an intellectual poet; bygone criticism would have dubbed him "metaphysical," and he would have met with readier appreciation in the seventeenth century.

To Mr. Walter De la Mare many more readers will at any rate immediately respond. There is a homely, twilight quality in the scenes he evokes. They have the distinctness, yet inconclusiveness, of the fireside reveries of one whose head is full of old romance. He is a sentimental poet, if that adjective may be used for once without reproach, and the melody and movement of his verse is familiar. There is a tincture of Coleridge in the temper of his imagination. He can touch us with a ghostly finger, and there is something Coleridgean in the innocent epicureanism of his tenderness.

Mr. James Stephens is a violent contrast. Much of this Irish poet's sympathy leans towards the savagery, pride, and queer grumbling bitterness of such characters as Gorki has made disquieting, and Synge fantastic and poetical. Mr. Stephens belongs to the realistic side of the Celtic movement. His first book was called "Insurrections," and it was well named. His characteristics are a grim poetic humor and a conception of God, the heavens and the spheres, at once childlike and awful. In "The Lonely God," Jehovah walking in Eden, grieving over the loss of Adam, recalls one of Blake's solemn, but almost comically human, conceptions of The Ancient of Days.

"His face was sad, His hands hung slackly down
Along His robe; too sorrowful to frown
He paced along the grassy paths and through
The silent trees, and where the flowers grew
Tended by Adam. All the birds had gone
Out to the world, and singing was not one
To cheer the lonely God out of His grief—
The silence only broken when a leaf
Tapt lightly on a leaf, or when the wind,
Slow-handed, swayed the bushes to its mind."

No poet shows to greater advantage here than Mr. William Davies. If the well-worn word "delightful" may be understood here in a special sense, it might be said that Mr. Davies was the most delightful of all these poets. His writing is so unexpected and yet so natural. A poet's style tells us how he feels, and Mr. Davies's words and images make us think two things about him; we say, only quite a simple man would have wanted to say that, and only a delicate mind could have found that way of saying it. His instincts are essentially literary, but his inspiration comes from life. We are given two lyrics, "Days too Short" and "The Kingfisher." They are as easy and slight as a poem from an Elizabethan song-book; but in the place of a charming convention we feel rather the influence of a definite personality.

"The Child and the Mariner" shows him in another vein, one in which we feel more distinctly than ever the charm of a quaint integrity. It is a perfectly successful revocation of people and things seen long ago with a child's eyes.

Each poet tempts the reviewer to say something about him; but one is impossible to omit in any review of this book—Mr. Gibson. "The Hare" and "Devil's Edge" are fine poems. He combines perfectly felicitous descriptions of Nature, never strained, observed by an eye which loves things as they are, with an intensity of mood, which raises these poems to the level of admirable poetry. The tramping wanderer's emotions, his passions, his response to the sights and sounds of nature, have been the inspiration of many

recent poems; but they have never made better a poem than "The Hare." His style is the perfection of colloquial poetry. Mr. Gordon Bottomley's "Babel" is an imposing piece of description—a Doré picture, but translated into words with a massive thoroughness of imagination. The anthology closes with a dirge by Mr. Robert Trevelyan, so simple that its merits seem apprehensible at once and even uninteresting; but read a second time, it will seem in its own style, that of the classic tradition of avoiding emphasis and every emotion which cannot be directly expressed, a lyric which has the lasting charm of genuine art.

"ADVOCATUS PAUPERUM."

"Charles Dickens, Social Reformer." The Social Teachings of England's Great Novelist. By W. WALTER CROTCH. (Chapman & Hall. 7s. 6d. net.)

MR. WALTER CROTCH, in this book, discusses Dickens's place as a "social reformer." We confess we do not like the term. It smacks of the philanthropists with anything from two thousand to four hundred a year lecturing and denouncing the muddlers with anything from eighteen to twelve shillings a week. The people Dickens was never weary of attacking, the Gradgrinds and Bounderbys, the political economists, the Malthusians, the enemies of the people's pleasures, the doctrinaires of all kinds constantly harping on abstract theories, and with no eyes for plain concrete facts, were all social reformers. They would have gloried in the title. For our own part, they are welcome to it. The Eugenists of our own day are the "social reformers" *par excellence*. Under the banner of social reform, too, fight all those organisers of charity summed up collectively by the London poor as "the Organisation," and looked upon by them as a mysterious force whose function is that of preventing them ever getting anything. (At this moment a very communicative housemaid interrupts the writer with the quite unnecessary information: "There's a horgan outside—what some people terms an 'urdu-gurdy, they do.") We ourselves look on all the organisers and instructors of the poor as so many grinders of hurdy-gurdies. At the present time, unfortunately, all over the land the sound of the grinding is loud. One envies that blessed calm, spoken of in the last chapter of Ecclesiastes. There is, we believe, a great deal of resentment and rebellion on the part of the poor against the merciless noise. Mr. Chesterton (whose disappearance from the Saturday columns of the "Daily News," by the way, we note with some concern) has recently assured us that if any word of his has ever darkened social workers' lives he counts such comfort more than amethysts. No, we should not—for our own part—describe Dickens as a social reformer. He was a seer—a man of intense imagination, sympathy, and common-sense, who strove to inform and imbue the social reform of his time with those most-needed qualities. When the social reformers were all crying "Investigate," "Examine," "Report," Dickens cried, "Stop," to quote once more a remark of Mr. Chesterton's we have before cited in these columns.

We should prefer to describe Dickens by a title drawn from the Litanies of the Saints—"Advocatus Pauperum." So in Breton churches, after five centuries, they still invoke St. Yves of Tréguier. "He pleaded the cause of the poor"—as we write, the words come to us like an echo of the Psalms, "He shall be favorable unto the simple and needy"—it is the burden of a great many of them. The saints, it is to be feared, were indiscriminate almsgivers. If their brother was hungry, they fed him, and if he was thirsty, they gave him drink. The reformer of the poor reforms them from the outside—the farther removed he is from any actual experience of their lot the more fitted he is thought to be to lecture and instruct them, and decide things for them. The advocate of the poor, on the other hand, puts himself at least by an effort of imagination and sympathy in their place. It is a great advantage, indeed, for anyone exercising the office of an advocate and mediator to have had some actual experience of the lot of those he seeks to represent. This, in his young days at least, Dickens had had. He remembered the surroundings of his childhood and his days in the

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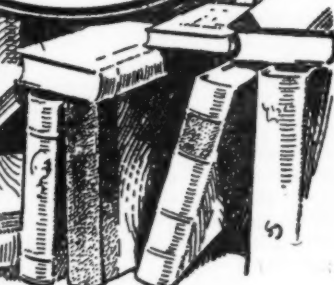
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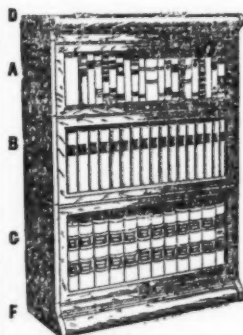
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blackening factory. He knew and saw and felt and expressed realities instead of pursuing and proclaiming shadows which have only a verbal existence. He put himself in the place of the poor completely by imagination and sympathy as he had been in it himself, at least in some degree, by actual experience; he pierced through pretentious sophistries; he knew where the shoe pinched, to quote the people's favorite proverb; he spoke out their inmost thoughts and feelings; he told their tale. Hear a specimen of Dickens's pleading for the poor against their professional and orthodox reformers:—

"But who eats tripe?" said Mr. Filer, looking round. "Tripe is without exception the least economical and the most wasteful article of consumption this country can by possibility produce. . . . Tripe is more expensive, properly understood, than the hot-house pineapple. Taking into account the number of animals slaughtered yearly within the bills of mortality alone, and forming a low estimate of the quantity of the tripe which the carcasses of those animals reasonably well butchered would yield, I find that the waste on that amount of tripe, if boiled, would victual a garrison of five hundred men for five months of thirty-one days each and a February over. The Waste! the Waste!"

Trotty stood aghast and his legs shook under him. He seemed to have starved a garrison of five hundred men with his own hand.

"Who eats tripe?" said Mr. Filer, warmly. "Who eats tripe?"

Trotty made a miserable bow.

"You do, do you?" said Mr. Filer. "Then I'll tell you something. You snatch your tripe, my friend, out of the mouths of widows and orphans."

The reader will remember Mr. Filer's indignation when he discovers that Richard and Meg are going to get married. We were reminded of it the other day in reading the newspaper accounts of a Conference of social reformers at which eugenics were discussed. A lady, named Miss Forty, if we remember, hazarded the opinion that men and women had a natural right to marry. Another lady worker, whose name escapes us, asked in amazement, "Did Miss Forty really mean to maintain that there was any such thing as an abstract natural right of human beings to become parents, and bring into the world children they could not maintain?" Social reformers of a very hysterical variety have lately succeeded in getting the lash on the English Statute Book. One can imagine the "eloquent plea" as to its absolute necessity in dealing with certain offences that might have been put forth by the late Vicar of Christchurch, Hunslett. "Tom Jones" has lately been burned by the social reformers of Doncaster. Strenuous efforts are being made to suppress the whist-drive—that most innocent and sociable of popular diversions. What has Dickens to do with all this reforming company?

It is a pleasure to read the headings of some of Mr. Crotch's chapters: "The Interpreter of Childhood," "His Attitude to the Poor," "The People's Pleasures." Much might be said on this last point. Dickens pleaded the cause of the poor against the social reformer as Puritan. We were recently delighted beyond words to find an old woman in a cottage, a shrewd and kindly old body, reading "Dombey and Son." She remarked, deprecatingly, that the book was "harmless." That any apology for being found reading a masterpiece of English fiction should have been thought necessary, suggested to us some very depressing reflections. Light was thrown on the point by what we found in another cottage. Here we found a young woman suffering from quinsy and taking for it a decoction of vinegar and sage, which she described as "very searching." But our attention was principally occupied by an anæmic-looking little boy, who sat on a wooden stool by his mother's side, listlessly gazing out on a sea of mud, and conning a little blue paper-covered book. "He thinks a deal o' that little book, he do," said the mother; "a lady give it to him." We wish it could have fallen into the hands of Dickens. It was composed of "Dialogues," intended to be recited by children at school-treats and anniversaries. We quote a sentence or two from a dialogue between three little girls, Annie, Patty, and Jane. Annie is introduced as reading a book of fairy tales. "It tells about a Prince and a Princess, and how happy they were, and how their path was strewn with roses wherever they went." Jane puts in a severe interrogation: "But you would not like the thorns to pierce through the leather of your boot and hurt you?" Annie objects that "the book says nothing about thorns, and what the book

says must be true, because it is all in print." The experienced Jane replies: "When you have lived as long as myself, you will know that you may often find big stories in little books." "Oh! dear; how shocking!" exclaims Annie. "I thought people always spoke the truth! How dare they print stories?" "Wicked people dare do anything, Annie dear," says Jane. "Then, you don't care for fairy tales, Jane?" asks Patty. Jane does not care for anything that misleads. It is grievous to think that generations of English children should have committed rubbish of this kind to memory, should have spouted it on platforms, and handed on its maxims to others. In Dickens's time, the English people absorbed quantities of this stuff, just as at present they consume yearly tons of pills. The efforts of the Puritanical variety of social reformer destroyed a genuine folk-culture in England. Dickens sounded out the true voice of the unspoiled English people of the old jests and plays and folk-tales and ballads.

We have left little space in which to tell the true tale of a case in which we ourselves would fain invoke the help of some such "Advocatus Pauperum" as Dickens was. It is briefly this: In the parish where we write there has existed for three hundred years a charity called "The Dole." The vicar and the churchwardens distribute it twice yearly, on Good Friday and St. Thomas's Day. All married people receive a shilling each, and a shilling for each child; all men and women over sixty, two shillings each; all over seventy, three shillings each. Thirty-three pounds are thus distributed twice a year. People in London wish to divert this charity into some different channel, applying it to some one object where they imagine it will serve a solidly useful purpose. At present, according to them, it is frittered away. A meeting of the whole of the inhabitants of the place simply roared out to the Commissioner who explained these principles that a Christmas dinner was a useful purpose, and that money spent on a pair of boots was not frittered away. This is what the "Advocatus Pauperum" sees and the social reformer does not. To our knowledge, this gift—often as much as ten shillings to people with large families—makes all the difference to them at Christmas and Easter. To old people living alone on their old-age pension, the extra three shillings is a perfect boon and godsend. The Commissioner also told us that the existence of "The Dole" tends to lower wages; but we knew well that if it was taken away, they would be no higher. He said also that a self-respecting laborer must dislike to receive a charity of this kind. The word "dole" was objectionable; it should be called "assistance." Well, the word "dole" is a very good word—it means the part or share of some common good which is dealt out to one. Besides, it rhymes with "soul." To our own feeling, this coming together of the whole people in the kindly and pleasurable way they do is most valuable, as binding together and preserving the continuous and corporate life of the place. There is no doubt of the local feeling; but the gentlemen in London will no doubt do what they like. We need a Dickens to plead our cause.

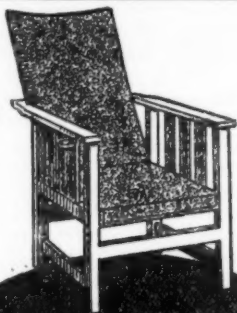
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and sometimes antagonistic to the chain of material cause and effect." For the moment, material causes are his sole theme. He is emphatic on the necessity of London being where it is and becoming what it has become. And he uses the word necessity in its etymological sense as the result which is logically or materially inevitable. For the moment he would hardly have us even remember that man is a creature with a will. He may justly plead that he must keep to his theme, and that it will be the reader's fault if the truth of that theme be over-emphasised. There is no truth which over-emphasis cannot convert into a falsehood. That man can and that man cannot act independently of his environment are two propositions, of which either is true and either is false. In this book Mr. Belloc sets forth, as touching London, the negative proposition as a truth. Thus, he confines himself within the lines of pure science. His way is the clearer that he has not trespassed upon a higher field. Scientific facts are demonstrable, and once demonstrated must be accepted by everyone who counts. That man must feed and clothe and warm himself, must protect himself and reproduce himself, are propositions which no one will deny. What he is to do with himself, what is his function and purpose in the world, wherein lies the true perfection of his life, these are quite other questions. In this book they are not asked, they are not even implied. Mr. Belloc's answer to the question which he does ask must, we think, be accepted on scientific grounds. To the other questions, with which the site of London is not unconnected, he would, if we may draw an inference from some allusions in this volume and from other of his works, make replies which would at least be highly controversial, and such controversy is fruitless, because it turns upon a difference of temperament, and the combatants have no common ground. Scientific controversy is often fruitful. Mr. Belloc's book may be regarded as an effective protest against the view which treats geography as a mere collection of facts. Where Mr. Belloc differs on a fact he would seem usually to have reason on his side, as when he holds against Mr. Oman that the Milton to which Hasting came was not the creek off the Swale, but the village which faces Tilbury.

How came London to stand where it does? Mr. Belloc's answer is that there is no lower point on the river which supplies a good landing-place on either bank. In the almost tideless Mediterranean the mouths of rivers were apt to silt up. The trader found it best to settle away from the stream, whether inland or on the coast. There were, of course, exceptions, such as Ostia and Pisa, but Corinth and Puteoli presented the type. On our tidal coasts there are perils which sent the settler up the streams. Mr. Belloc suggests three reasons. Two are connected with the small size of early vessels; for the third—security against pirates—he might have referred to Thucydides, who thus accounted for the sites of the Greek cities. In England we have the great estuary, which estranges the two halves of the south-eastern quarter. On either side of the estuary were marshes which only here and there gave man a footing. Where there was on one bank a hill or a gravel bank, there was a marsh on the other. London is the first spot where a voyager would see stable ground on either side. The hill of earliest London is still evident, and Mr. Belloc is able to show from the Geological Survey that a spit of gravel crossed the opposite marsh and came almost down to the river bank. The seaman, whether he came in peace or in war, to harry or to barter, had here that for which he looked. Thus settled on the lowest ferry the trader found other advantages, which he can hardly have foreseen. In particular, he found himself not, indeed, in the centre of Britain, but in the centre of that part of our island which then had the means to buy and sell. In this connection the lands which were afterwards called Cornwall, and Wales, and Northumbria were of no account. Thus it was that London became the great port, first of Britain and then of England. And what was it that afterwards made London the first port in the world? Wisely Mr. Belloc will have none of the explanation that London is the centre or near the centre of the land hemisphere. That explanation comes from a thoughtless inspection of the map. In such a connection it is idle to count either what was *terra incognita*, or what was disabled by climatic conditions. Nor, again, would London, on this point, have any

advantage over Antwerp. We must look back to the cause of London's origin and to what Mr. Belloc calls a medley of additional facts. There were "ease of approach from without and a draining power within," whereby the domestic produce ran naturally to the centre of the market. There were security and organisation. And the port faced the dividing line between the Latin and the Teutonic areas. The causes which made are the causes which maintain. The discovery of America found London already the great port. If it had not been great at that time it would not be great now, for it is not the ideal haven for modern conditions. The basin is too small, the channel is narrow, and shallow, and tortuous, and the silting is a ceaseless expense. For the time these difficulties can be overcome, but will it be thus for ever? Such is the theme which Mr. Belloc sets forth in a volume only too brief. He adds a no less interesting chapter on the military aspect of our great river.

Only in one point do we find any obscurity in Mr. Belloc's essay. He does not make it clear whether he considers that the great roads to the north are to be counted rather among the causes or among the effects of London as an emporium. Are they to be considered as converging upon London, or as radiating from it? He seems to prefer speaking of convergence, but it might well be argued that radiation were a better word. For such as had a military origin there can be little doubt which is the fitter term. Of course, what begins as an effect often reacts as a cause. Where the soldier has marched, the packman can go and can return.

Mr. Belloc's book is illustrated by sixteen pictures reproduced in colors from paintings by Mr. John Muirhead. They are all charming, but six of them, which represent places above London, are hardly relevant. The seaman, as Mr. Belloc tells us, speaks not of the Thames, but of London River, but his phrase confines itself to the lower reaches, and would, at any rate, not extend to Pangbourne, where Mr. Muirhead has depicted a red-roofed cottage and a few yards of the stream.

TWO NOVELISTS.

"The Debit Account." By OLIVER ONIONS. (Seeker. 6s.)

"The Nest." By ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK. (Arnold. 6s.)

In "The Debit Account," Mr. Onions has written an uncommonly clever novel. It is a sequel to his former work, "In Accordance with the Evidence," the autobiographical narrative of a deliberate, carefully planned murder of a rich rival by a poor man, a clerk, who escapes undetected. The first novel suffered somewhat from the amount of intricate detail in the web of the plot. In "The Debit Account" the author has focussed our attention on the murderer's defensive position, suggesting subtly all the time a vague, lowering background of Nemesis, against which he is moving. The situation now developed hinges on the hero Jefferies's marriage with his old love, Evie Soames, who was engaged, four years back, to the man he came to murder, Archie Merridew. Merridew's death, we may add, was brought in as suicide by the coroner's jury, despite peculiar circumstances. The retrospective account, now given by Jefferies, of his married life and of his speedy rise in prosperity, though, indeed, full of literary artifice, is highly ingenious in structure and convincing in atmospheric truth. It is, indeed, in the sharpness and freshness of their social atmosphere, and in the exactitude of their commonplace details, that the author's living pictures are so telling. Mr. Jefferies, when the story opens, is engaged as a clerk at three pounds a week at "The Freight and Ballast Co.," of Waterloo Place, and the day of his union with the woman he loves he appoints "for an expunging of all—all—all—that had gone before," as his spiritual re-birth. But the man's soul does not claim more than a fitful moment for prayer amidst his and Evie's preoccupation with the domestic outlook, the fitting and furnishing of their little Hampstead cottage, and the congratulations of their friends. With the cool dexterity of an accomplished draughtsman, Mr. Onions sketches, in speaking profile, the characters of Jefferies's little circle—Louie Causton, the impenetrable girl who hides a secret passion

HARROD'S STORES LTD.

THE 23RD ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of this Company was held on February 28th on the Company's premises, Brompton Road, Sir ALFRED J. NEWTON, Bart., presiding.

The Chairman said that in almost every item of the profit and loss account there was a substantial increase. Rents, rates, taxes, water, and lighting were more by £2,818, and salaries, wages, maintenance of staff, &c., showed the large increase of £31,113. It would be idle to ignore the fact that such expenses as labor were very much more likely to increase in the future than to diminish. Despite lock-outs, strikes, and various other drawbacks, their trade had shown a very large increase indeed, and it was not unreasonable to assume that, had those adverse influences been absent, the ratio of increase would have been on even a greater scale. Under the National Health and Unemployment Act they had paid for the half-year £2,340, but they intended to continue to supplement their pensions, benevolent, and social funds. He referred to other items of expenditure, and said that the net profit of £269,124 was about £12,000 in excess of that of the previous year. Respecting the balance-sheet, the Chairman stated that the capital and liabilities remained as before, and the balance of the reserve fund, with the addition now proposed to be made to it, would amount to £1,166,769, the bulk of which was in their own business. A very great proportion of the fund was in freeholds, which had enormously appreciated, so that the reserve, instead of being worth only the amount at which it stood in the balance-sheet, was in reality of considerably greater value. They had taken £13,000 from the profits in order to make the proper contributions to the sinking funds. On the assets and expenditure side of the balance-sheet they had the outlay on their property, leasehold and freehold, standing at nearly £250,000, and the greater portion of that—£160,000—had been expended on their freeholds. Their stock stood at what many people would regard as a very large sum, over £500,000, there having been added to that during the year about £60,000. That large addition was principally in their jewellery department, their silver department, their fur department, and various other departments throughout the house. With regard to their jewellery department, he thought he might claim that they had one of the finest stocks in London. As to the fur department, they were doing a very large trade. For furniture and carpets, too, they could not be excelled, if equalled, by any house in Europe. Referring to their horses, vans, and motors, standing at £27,467, he remarked that they had added during the period under review 37 motors to their fleet.

During the year they had opened a new branch at Buenos Ayres—namely, on August 26th, and Mr. Burbidge, who went out there last October, was very much impressed with the possibility of doing a large trade there.

The Chairman said that he had received the usual reports from the auditors, stating that the values of the stocks as returned were correct. They had also had a report on the company's properties, and the Chairman stated that the whole of their freehold and leasehold properties were absolutely unencumbered.

The Report was adopted, and the Chairman then moved a series of resolutions increasing the capital by the creation of 100,000 new Ordinary Shares of £1 each.

After the resolution had been seconded, and the Chairman had replied to various questions, &c., the resolutions for increasing the capital were carried.

£10 10s.

ROME TOUR. Hotels and Return Tickets, short sea route, with extension.
NAPLES, FLORENCE, VENICE.

DR HENRY S. LUNN, LTD., 5, Endsleigh Gardens, London, N.W.

The Road to Health
is paved with Good Digestion.
BRAGG'S CHARCOAL
purifies the system and is invaluable for INDIGESTION, Flatulence, Acidity, Heartburn, Impure Breath, and Diarrhoea. Recommended by Doctors. Of all Chemists & Stores. Biscuits, 1/-, 2/- & 4/- tin; Powder, 2/- & 4/- per bottle; Lozenges, 1/14 tin; Capsules, 2/- per box
J. L. BRAGG, LTD., 14, WIGMORE STREET, LONDON, W.

PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY, Limited.

Chief Office—HOLBORN BARS, LONDON.

Invested Funds exceed £84,000,000.

Summary of the Report presented at the Sixty-fourth Annual Meeting, held on 6th March, 1913.

ORDINARY BRANCH.—The number of policies issued during the year was 59,854, assuring the sum of £5,586,153, and producing a new annual premium income of £346,592. The premiums received during the year were £4,826,993, being an increase of £14,725 over the year 1911. In addition, £5,893 was received in premiums under the new Sickness Insurance tables issued during the year. The claims of the year amounted to £3,626,469. The number of deaths was 8,872. The number of endowment assurances matured was 21,981, the premium income of which was £125,991.

The number of policies in force at the end of the year was 901,838.

INDUSTRIAL BRANCH.—The premiums received during the year were £7,792,562, being an increase of £161,154. The claims of the year amounted to £3,070,271, including £324,797 bonus additions. The number of claims and surrenders, including 5,282 endowment assurances matured, was 382,734. The number of free policies granted during the year to those policyholders of five years' standing and upwards, who desired to discontinue their payments, was 155,582, the number in force being 1,809,171. The number of free policies which became claims during the year was 52,296.

The total number of policies in force in this branch at the end of the year was 19,140,743; their average duration exceeds twelve and a half years.

The assets of the Company, in both branches, as shown in the balance sheet, after deducting the amount written off securities, are £84,571,932, being an increase of £3,332,250 over those of 1911.

In the Ordinary Branch a reversionary bonus at the rate of £1 16s. per cent. on the original sums assured has again been added to all classes of participating policies issued since the year 1876.

In the Industrial Branch a bonus addition will be made to the sums assured on all policies of over five years' duration which become claims either by death or maturity of endowment from the 7th of March, 1913, to the 5th of March, 1914, both dates inclusive, as follows:—

PREMIUMS PAID FOR.		BONUS ADDITION TO SUMS ASSURED.	
5 years and less	than 10 years	£5	per cent.
10	" " " "	£10	"
15	" " " "	£15	"
20	" " " "	£20	"
25	" " " "	£25	"
30	" " " "	£30	"
40	" " " "	£40	"
50	" " " "	£50	"
60	" " " "	£60	"
and upwards.			

The rate of bonus declared for last year has thus been maintained, and in the case of policies on which 25 and less than 30 years' premiums have been paid, and those on which premiums for 60 years and upwards have been paid, an increased bonus of £5 per cent. and £10 per cent. respectively will be distributed.

The Company took a leading part in forming Approved Societies under the National Insurance Act, 1911.—Six Societies were founded, viz.: for Men, Women, Domestic Servants, Laundresses, Miners, and Agricultural and Rural Workers.

These Prudential Approved Societies have received a large accession of members, and as they will be administered in connection with the Prudential Assurance Company, the Directors regard their future growth and welfare with every confidence.

Messrs. Deloitte, Plender, Griffiths & Co. have examined the securities, and their certificate is appended to the balance sheets.

THOS. C. DEWEY, Chairman.
W. J. LANCASTER, } Directors.
W. EDGAR HORNE, }

D. W. STABLE,
J. SMART,

Joint Secretaries.

A. C. THOMPSON,
General Manager.

The full Report and Balance Sheet can be obtained upon application.

for him; Miss Levey, the typist, who tries to make mischief between him and his wife; Billy Izzard, the free-handed Bohemian artist; Pepper, Jefferies's immediate chief, who, later, starts, with his assistance, the Exploration and Mercantile Consolidation Co., of Pall Mall, which makes both their fortunes.

We cannot do more than indicate the cleverness of Mr. Onions's naturalistic impressionism. Every impulse of his characters, every idea in their heads, every movement they make, is visualised with the sensitive exactitude of a good "Kodak shot." Yet there is nothing photographic in his literary medium. Even when he is skating on very thin ice, viz., in the description of Jefferies's dinner with the financialists who establish the Exploration and Mercantile Consolidation Co., his cool assurance brings his characters safely to land. And when the worldly circumstances and social atmosphere of the newly married couple have been sketched with rapid, brilliant brushwork, Mr. Onions develops his psychological drama in most ingenious fashion. Jefferies meets unexpectedly, and takes a night-walk home with, the girl Louie Causton, who suddenly asks him, point-blank: "Tell me—you killed that boy, didn't you?" Through her love for him, she has divined all along that he was the murderer; but she has kept silence till the hour when her secret jealousy of his happiness with Evie impels her to speak. She wishes, as a woman, to claim her share of his life, only as a friend, of course, but a friend who can be nearer to him than his wife. If we were asked to select the chapter in "The Debit Account" which illustrates best the measure of the author's talent, the quality of his insight, and the limitations of his method, we should select this scene between Louie and the murderer.

Yet against Mr. Onions's great ingenuity and power of psychological analysis, must be placed a certain artificiality which cannot be covered up by his clever impressionism. Our criticism is merely directed here to ascertain how the scene ranks as art. Assuredly, it does not approach great art, though it is masterly in its way. The fact is that the artificiality of the idea of the murderer writing his narrative in the form of a complex novel, begins to undermine the convincingness of the story. Mr. Onions has carried out Poe's method in a pattern of greater elaboration, weakening the illusion of reality at tense moments of crisis. And, though the illusion of the scene at an evening party, where the murderer's mental balance momentarily gives way, when he hears, issuing from a gramophone, the voice of his victim asking Evie to sing, a "record" taken at an up-the-river party four years back, is extraordinarily well managed; the conception itself is a little cheap and stagey. That Mr. Onions's psychological and descriptive powers, in short, are worthy of an artistic method less tricky, we think, is proved by the rather theatrical last chapter, "Idlesleigh Gate," in which we see the murderer, now resolved to confess his crime to his wife, succumbing to mental strain and an attack of cerebral hemorrhage. Mr. Onions's rare powers are defeated when over-ingenuity takes the place of Nature; but, for all that, "The Debit Account" is a brilliant imaginative creation.

In "The Nest," Miss Anne Douglas Sedgwick brings together five of her suave, deliciously humorous stories, and on each successive example we fall-to with renewed appetite. The first, "The Nest," contains one of those merciless readings of the feminine soul which only a clever woman can supply. The hackneyed theme of a man condemned, by his doctor's diagnosis, to death within the month serves as a framework for a dazzling piece of psychological embroidery. Dear little Kitty, the subtly child-like wife of the doomed hero, Holland, always reminds people of a Fra Angelico angel, with her wistful eyes, her sweet, insinuating, and insatiable smile. But, unbeknown to her husband, she is on the verge of deserting him for Sir Walter and his passionate persuasions, for Kitty was "essentially womanly; she needed someone to be in love with her, and her husband had ceased to be in love, though he had not ceased to be a loving husband." However, Kitty, when she hears that Holland has only a month more to live, throws over Sir Walter "with the ruthlessness of women towards the man loved no longer, who has tarnished their image in their own eyes." She is going to devote herself now absolutely to love of her dying husband, to cling to him, to make every moment left them one of passionate significance, to idealise him with

a supreme, deathless idealisation. And so she does. Indeed, she feels so intensely, and makes him feel at every moment so intensely the sweet tragedy of their position, that Holland "by degrees grew conscious of keeping himself up to a mark." By the end of the third week, he feels more than this. He feels tired; profoundly tired. The atmosphere of clinging tendrils of love is suffocating him. When Kitty divines this, she sobs, hiding her face on his breast: "Oh! Nick, am I tiring you? Do you sometimes want me to go away and leave you more alone?" Whereupon her heroic husband masters himself sufficiently to say, in "just the right, quiet tone," "There would be no more of me left, Kitty, if you went away. I am you—you are life itself." But before the month of their killing devotion to one another is up, he breaks down, as the best of men will do. Under the strain of her insistent and fierce watching, night and day, he confesses that he *does* want to be left alone; that he is horribly tired of "the nest" of her love. And the next day he goes and sees the great specialist, and is told that he is perfectly well—that his symptoms have been diagnosed wrongly! The scene in which Kitty realises her waste of feeling, and that she has got to go on living by his side, while "his loss of all passion has killed her romance," is very fine comedy.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

"Paul the First of Russia, the Son of Catherine the Great." By K. WALISZEWSKI. (Heinemann. 15s. net.)

MAD monarchs, says M. Waliszewski, have been common enough, and in the second half of the eighteenth century such an affliction hardly called for remark. Some historians have denied Paul I.'s madness, but there is conclusive evidence that he suffered from some degree of mental aberration. His ungovernable temper, his flighty and childish temperament, and his love of cruelty impressed his mother to such an extent that she wished to exclude him from the throne. It would have been well for Russia had this been done. His whole policy was directed to overthrow the system his mother had established, and such grave decisions as that of joining the coalition against France in 1778, and declaring armed neutrality against England, were dictated by mere whim. At home his policy was even worse. He repealed Catherine's law, exempting the free classes from corporal punishment, and generally behaved like the least reputable of the Roman emperors. When the news of his assassination became known, passers-by who were unknown to each other embraced and exchanged congratulations on the coming change, Moscow was illuminated, and Madame Vigée-Lebrun records that some weeks later she found the streets of St. Petersburg still "delirious with joy." M. Waliszewski's book gives a good account of Paul's unhappy life and of the changes in the European situation which it occasioned.

"Medical Benefit: A Study of the Experience of Germany and Denmark." By I. G. GIBBON. (P. S. King. 6s. net.)

A COMPULSORY scheme of insurance against sickness has existed in Germany since 1814, and although Denmark has also had a comprehensive scheme for the past nineteen years, the latter country has adopted a voluntary system. Germany and Denmark thus afford useful material for comparison, and Dr. Gibbon, who has already written on "Unemployment Insurance," presents in the present volume a study of the systems as they work in both countries, together with some practical lessons drawn from their experience. Dr. Gibbon has come to the conclusion that the most efficient medical service is reached by agreements between the societies and the doctors, free from outside interference, and giving the insured power to choose their own doctors. He is also of opinion that the medical service should be controlled mainly through the organisations of the doctors themselves. He further holds that institutional benefit is essential for adequate medical treatment, though he urges that it is necessary to restrict this benefit within reasonable limits. These are but a few of the conclusions reached by Dr. Gibbon as a result of his investigation. His book contains a mass of information on the subject, and will be of great value to those engaged in solving the problems connected with insurance against sickness and invalidity.

The SUBSCRIPTION LIST will be CLOSED on or before MONDAY, the 10th of March, 1913.

UNITED STATES OF BRAZIL.

OFFER OF

£1,600,000 MADEIRA-MAMORE RAILWAY COMPANY 5½ PER CENT. 60-YEAR FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS,

Unconditionally guaranteed as to principal and interest by the Brazil Railway Company by endorsement on each Bond,

AT 97½ PER CENT.

(Forming part of an issue limited to £5,000,000, secured by a Trust Deed dated 1st October, 1910, and to be further secured by a supplemental Trust Deed, both being in favour of the Empire Trust Company of New York as Trustee. Of these £5,000,000 bonds, £1,000,000, bearing interest at 6 per cent. per annum, are already in the hands of the public, and are guaranteed as to principal and interest by the Port of Para.)

The 5½ per Cent. Bonds mature at 102 per cent. on 1st October, 1970, and will be redeemed on or before that date under the operation of a Sinking Fund beginning 1st October, 1915, by purchase at or below the price of 102 per cent. and accrued interest, or annual drawings at that price. They may also be redeemed, in whole or part, at 102 per cent. at any time on six months' notice by the Company. This will also be their price of repayment in the event of voluntary liquidation or amalgamation.

The Bonds are to Bearer in denominations of £20, £100, and £500, but can be registered at the holder's option as to principal at the Company's Office in London.

Coupons payable 1st April, 1st October.

MESSRS. SPEYER BROTHERS

offer the above Bonds for sale at the price of 97½ per cent., payable as follows:—

10 per cent on Application.	
15	" " Allotment.
25	" " 25th March, 1913.
25	" " 8th April, 1913.
22½	" " 22nd April, 1913.
97½ per cent.	

Payment in full may be made under discount at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum on allotment, or on 25th March or 8th April, 1913. On payment of the instalment due on allotment the allotment letters will be exchangeable for Messrs. Speyer Brothers' Scrip Certificates to bearer. The Scrip Certificates, when fully paid, will be exchangeable, in due course, for definitive Bonds, carrying full interest from 1st April, 1913.

The Capital of the Company is U.S. \$11,000,000, divided into 10,000 Preferred Shares of \$100 each, and 100,000 Common Shares of \$100 each. The Brazil Railway Company and the Port of Para each hold one-half of the share capital.

The £3,000,000 First Mortgage 60-Year Bonds all rank pari passu, and are secured by a first charge on the lease (below described) for 60 years of the Madeira-Mamore Railway granted to the Company by the Federal Government of Brazil, and on certain other property of the Company.

Particulars of the prospectus of the Company are set out in the following letter:—

Madeira-Mamore Railway Company,
1st March, 1913.

Messrs. Speyer Brothers,
London.

Dear Sirs,

The Company has been constructing, for account of the Brazilian Government, a Railway of 277 miles in length round the series of cataracts and rapids on the Madeira Railway, the most important affluent of the Amazon. The whole of this mileage is in provisional operation from August, 1912, though construction work is still being carried on. The Brazilian Government is under contract to contribute a portion of the cost of construction in accordance with a fixed schedule of prices. A sum in excess of £2,500,000 has already been paid by the Government, and a further amount will be payable when accounts have been finally adjusted. The Government has granted to the Company a lease for the operation of the Railway for sixty years from 1st January, 1912, in consideration of receiving a percentage of the gross annual revenue. This percentage is 5 per cent. until 31st December, 1931, 10 per cent. from that date to 31st December, 1951, and 20 per cent. thereafter until 31st December, 1971. The Government is also entitled to one-fifth of the excess of the net revenue over 12 per cent. on the Company's capital as defined by the lease, but is not entitled to any interest in respect of the capital contributed by it towards construction.

As will be seen from the accompanying Map, the Madeira-Mamore Railway forms the necessary link for the connection with the ocean of a rich territory in Bolivia and Brazil of enormous extent. This territory is cut off by the Andes Mountains from access to the Pacific, and the only outlet to the Atlantic of the considerable trade of this region is via the Madeira River and the Amazon. The passage down the Madeira River is, however, difficult and dangerous owing to the cataracts and rapids referred to above. For this reason, under the terms of a treaty with Bolivia, the Brazilian Government undertook to construct the Madeira-Mamore Railway. In order to circumvent the cataracts, the sole obstacle to navigation, thus connecting the navigable waters of the Madeira River and its tributaries above the cataracts with the river below the falls, and opening up an easy means of communication between the Atlantic Ocean and the productive districts of the interior.

The Port of Para, through subsidiary companies, has established a fleet of shallow-draft steamers on the tributaries of the Madeira River above the Railway, and has also instituted a service of larger vessels from the lower terminus of the railway to the Port of Para. This Port is at the mouth of the Amazon, and has been recently reconstructed in accordance with modern requirements. A through service will, therefore, in future, be obtainable from the upper waters of the River Madeira via the Madeira-Mamore Railway to the sea.

The Company also holds a concession until 1936 from the State of Matto Grosso over an area of more than 600,000 acres of land densely covered with rubber trees, with a preferential right to purchase the same at a low price. This property has entered on the period of production, and constitutes a valuable asset.

STATEMENT OF EARNINGS.

	1910.	1911.(Provisional Figures.)	1912.
Average mileage in provisional operation	43	121	211
Gross Receipts	£8,712	£141,379	£310,000
Net earnings available for Bond interest	—	—	£100,000

The Company's General Manager estimates that the gross earnings for 1913 will amount to £400,000; and we anticipate that, after deducting working expenses and Government percentage, there will be a surplus more than sufficient to provide the interest on the whole issue of Bonds outstanding.

GUARANTEE OF THE BRAZIL RAILWAY COMPANY.

The £1,600,000 Bonds to be offered under your Prospectus have the additional security of an unconditional guarantee of principal and interest by the Brazil Railway Company which will be endorsed on each Bond. The latter Company's surplus revenue for the past three years, after payment of all expenses and Bond and other interest charges, was

in 1909	£95,000
in 1910	257,000
and in 1911	279,000

while the amount required annually for interest on the whole £1,600,000 5½ per Cent. Madeira-Mamore Railway Company Bonds guaranteed by the Brazil Railway Company is £88,000.

The complete figures of the Brazil Railway Company for 1912 are not yet available, but the Company's officials estimate that the surplus will show a further large increase.

Yours Faithfully, by order of the Board,
S. D. BROWN, Secretary.

Prospectuses with a copy of the map above referred to and forms of application can be obtained from Messrs. Speyer Brothers, 7, Lothbury, London, E.C., from the Bank of Scotland, 30, Bishopsgate, E.C., the Company's Bankers, or from Messrs. Kitcat & Aitken, 9, Bishopsgate, E.C., the Company's Brokers.

A copy of the trust deed securing the Bonds and a draft of the supplemental trust deed can be seen during the usual business hours, while the list is open, at the Office of Messrs. Bircham & Co., 50, Old Broad Street, E.C., or at that of Messrs. Surtees, Philipotts & Co., 6, St. Helen's place, E.C.

Application may be made on the form printed below. Non-payment of any instalment will render the allotment liable to cancellation, and the amount previously paid to forfeiture.
7, Lothbury, London, E.C.
8th March, 1913.

B3 UNITED STATES OF BRAZIL. No.....
OFFER OF

£1,600,000 MADEIRA-MAMORE RAILWAY COMPANY 5½ PER CENT. 60-YEAR FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS, Unconditionally guaranteed as to principal and interest by the Brazil Railway Company by endorsement on each Bond, AT 97½ PER CENT.

To Messrs. SPEYER BROTHERS,
7, Lothbury, London, E.C.

I/We request you to allot me/us £..... of the above Bonds upon the terms of the Prospectus issued by you dated 8th March, 1913.

I/WE enclose £..... being a deposit of £10 per £100 Bond, and I/we engage to accept the above or any less amount you may allot to me/us and to make the further payments thereon in accordance with the said Prospectus.

Signature

Name in full
(Add whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss, and Title, if any.)

Address in full

Date

(Please write distinctly.)

Cheques to be made payable to bearer, crossed
"Account Speyer Brothers."

The Week in the City.

	Price Friday morning. February 28.	Price Friday morning. March 7.
Consols	74½	73½
Midland Deferred	71½	71½
Mexican Railway Ordinary	51	53
Chinese 5 p.c., 1896	100	103½
Union Pacific	156½	157½
Russian 5 p.c., 1896	104	104
Japanese 4½ p.c. (1st ser.)	91½	91½
Turkish Unified	87	88

THE STOCK MARKETS

LAST week's Money Market prospects looked a little brighter; for the Austro-Russian situation was clearing up satisfactorily, and the Bank's position was strong enough to permit of a lower rate. But a new anxiety has appeared in the shape of the German and French projects of military expansion, which are bound to cause a heavy drain on the Money Market if they come to be realised. The proposed general levy on property is causing a flurry of disapproval in Germany, where there is plenty of trade activity, but a severe lack of ready money. Some of the German banks have suffered bad losses lately, and Austrian bankruptcies have not improved matters. Thursday was settlement day on the Berlin Bourse, and things did not go very well to judge by sales of German specialties in London, such as Argentine Three and a Half per Cents. and Peruvian Preference. One large dealer remarked that Germany has been selling her foreign securities now for four or five years past, and that there really cannot be much more to sell. This is reassuring for London in case there should come a real crisis in Berlin. The Money and Discount Markets were a good deal affected by these rumors about Berlin, and rates have stiffened perceptibly for three months bills, showing that the hopes of a reduction in the Bank rate have been abandoned for the present. In fact, there is talk now of gold going to Germany from either London or New York. Wall Street has taken President Wilson's inaugural address in good part; but Wall Street is also troubled by the dearth of money, which seems to be a world-wide factor. Some think it is bound to cause a slump in trade, and certainly there are signs of a weakening in the price of certain raw materials. It is a remarkable "conjuncture," as the Germans say—war and armaments destroying capital at a prodigious rate, trade phenomenally active, and money very scarce. We shall muddle through somehow, no doubt; but, for the moment, wise men will be cautious, and especially careful to avoid large commitments.

HOME RAILS AND THE TRUSTEE.

Few trustees who had to invest money some twelve or fifteen years ago are able to congratulate themselves at the present time on the choice they made at that time. Then the great financial question was not depreciation but appreciation. It seems hard to understand in these days that constant appreciation of investment values should have caused anxiety to financiers, but such was the case. Those who had to find investments every year for large sums of money for which the very best security was desired, viewed with alarm the steady rise in prices of high-class securities, and it was argued by some high authorities that money must at some future time cease to have any value at all as reproductive capital! Those who rightly understood the reason for the decline in the return on capital were comparatively few in number, and those who foresaw that the inflation of capital values could only be temporary were still fewer. Hence, investors in gilt-edged securities at that time fought shy of stocks which carried provisions for redemption, and bought permanent stocks which could not be repaid or replaced by securities bearing a lower rate of interest. Where absolute certainty of income was everything and capital value of no importance at all, such investments have served their purpose. But no investor likes to be faced with the fact that if he should want to sell a heavy loss must be incurred. In the last month or so, a process of adjustment of values has been going on in the security markets. The values of a few British Government stocks, like Transvaal Threes, and very many Home Corporation Stocks, which fall due for repayment at fixed dates, have either remained firm, or have actually improved slightly, owing to the attention which has been given them. But the "second line" securities—Indian Stocks, Colonial Stocks, and Home Railway Debentures—

have declined. Being less active markets than the former, because of their pure investment nature, they are overlooked until a certain amount of selling comes along. Now, the prices of Home Railway Debentures do not vary with every Home or Foreign political rumor, or according to the rate of dividend paid on the Ordinary stock. Their movements are gradual, and depend almost entirely on the price of money. The latest marking-down operation has brought some of them to the point where the yield on the money is 4 per cent. after paying the expenses, stamp fee, and commission, so that the return is better than that obtainable on Home Corporation stocks, and is equalled by that on few colonial issues. And nearly all colonial stocks, it must be remembered, are likely to be subject to the competition of new issues for as long as the colonies can borrow over here. Increases in the amount of railway debentures, however, have been few in recent years, and fresh issues on a large scale are quite unlikely.

To show how cheap, comparatively, are Home Railway Debentures it is not necessary to set their prices out against the inflated values of the 'nineties, as is commonly done. Everyone knows the fall has been about 30 per cent. or more, and that the gilt-edged market as a whole touched its lowest level in 1912. It will therefore be enough to set out present prices against the highest and lowest of last year, as is done in the following table:—

	Interest.	1912.	Present	Yield.
	Per cent.	High.	Low.	Price. £ s. d.
Great Northern	3	82	75½	75½ 4 0 6
Great Western	4	110	102½	101 3 19 9
Lancashire and Yorkshire	3	81	75½	75½ 4 0 0
London and S. Western Cons.	3	82	76½	76½ 4 0 6
London and N. Western	3	84½	77	77 3 18 6
London Brighton	4½	118½	113½	112 4 1 0
Midland	2½	68½	63½	63 4 0 0
North Eastern	3	81½	75½	75½ 4 0 6

All these are stocks of first-class lines, and all are full trustee securities about which there is no doubt which need worry the most finicking solicitor. Why investors will buy the very doubtful 5 per cent. things which are offered over here is a mystery when 4 per cent. is obtainable on Home Railway Debentures. Can it be the fear of further depreciation? Hardly so, because few investors take into their consideration the probable future value of money, even if it were possible to gauge the force of even one or two of these factors. On the other hand, the firmness of Consols—the most sensitive measure we have—indicates that (apart from the war danger) no further fall in general security values is likely, although borrowing is now the rule on every hand. The Home Railway Debenture Market undoubtedly offers the greatest freedom from direct competition of new issues, and as soon as the Trustee begins to realise the value of this real advantage, it is possible that prices will improve without waiting for the price of money. That money will always remain so dear as it is now is not to be expected, and the investor who is prepared to take a long view is as likely to do well out of Home Railway Debentures, besides enjoying freedom from anxiety.

LUCCELLUM.

The Prudential Assurance Company's report again shows substantial progress, the new business in the Ordinary Branch being £5,586,153, producing a new annual premium income of £346,592. The claims of the year in this branch were £3,626,469. In the Industrial Branch the premiums received amounted to £7,792,562, an increase of £161,154. The claims were £3,070,271, including £324,747 bonus additions. The total number of policies in this branch at the end of the year was 19,140,743. The assets of the company at the end of the year amounted to £84,571,932.

Messrs. Speyer Brothers are offering £1,600,000 5½ per cent. Sixty Year First Mortgage Bonds of the Madeira Mamore Railway Company at 97½ per cent., unconditionally guaranteed by the Brazil Railway Company. The bonds form part of an issue limited to £3,000,000, of which £1,000,000 of 6 per cent. bonds are already issued, and are guaranteed by the Port of Para. The bonds mature on October 1st, 1970, for repayment at 102 and a sinking fund, beginning October 1st, 1918, may be applied by purchase at or below 102, or by drawings at that price. The interest is well covered by the earnings of the Brazil Railway Company in the past two years, and the bonds give a return of £5 13s. at the price of issue.

PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE CO., LTD.

THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of this Company was held on the 6th inst. at the Company's premises, Holborn Bars, E.C., Mr. Thomas C. Dewey, Chairman of the Company, presiding.

The Chairman said it was his pleasure once again to submit the records of a year's working, which were eminently satisfactory. The total income of the Company during 1912 was £16,017,939, an increase of £532,078 over that of the previous year, and it was satisfactory to find that the increase in income had been spread over both branches. In the Industrial Branch the premiums received showed an increase of £161,154, and in the Ordinary Branch £14,725. The total amount received in interest, dividends, and rents was £3,173,236, as compared with £2,951,703 for 1911. The total new amount assured in the Ordinary Branch was £5,586,153, an increase of £189,432 over last year, and the new premium income for the year was £346,592, an increase of £20,893. At the end of the year there were upwards of 20 million policies in force, 901,838 being in the Ordinary Branch and 19,140,743 in the Industrial Branch. It was often supposed that the claims of an assurance company were almost entirely due to mortality, but this was not the case in the Prudential. On December 1st last a sum of £467,182, inclusive of bonus, became due on endowment assurances maturing on that day, and during the year a total amount of £2,473,041 was paid on 21,981 matured endowment assurance policies. The mortality experience in both branches was considerably below that expected and provided for. The total amount paid in claims in the Ordinary Branch was £3,626,469, of which £1,153,423 was on account of claims by death, as compared with £1,603,283 expected. In the Industrial Branch the claims paid, inclusive of £324,797 bonus additions, amounted to £3,070,271.

The expenses of working had again been on an exceptionally low level. For 1911 the ratio of expense in the Industrial Branch was 38½ per cent. of the premiums received, or about 33 per cent. of the income from premiums and interest. For the past year the ratios had been even more favorable—viz., slightly under 38½ per cent. of the premiums, or about 32½ per cent. of the premiums and interest combined. The ratio of expense was very much lower than that of any other important industrial assurance company doing business in the United Kingdom. In the Ordinary Branch the rate of expense was £5 13s. 5d. per cent. of the income from premiums and interest, or £7 17s. per cent. of the premium income, as against £5 14s. 7d. per cent. and £7 16s. per cent. respectively in 1911.

During the past year the invested funds in the combined branches of the Company had increased by £3,332,250, and now stood at £84,571,932. This increase by no means represented the total amount of money invested during the year; for if the repayments of capital were included the sum invested was about £6,000,000. Full provision for all possible depreciation had been made, and, in addition, there was carried forward a sum of £263,675, over and above the liability disclosed by the stringent valuations. Where it has been considered advisable, the securities had been written down, but the reserve funds had not been depleted, and stood at the same figure as last year—viz., £1,500,000, and formed an efficient bulwark against depreciation.

The rate of bonus on policies in the Ordinary Branch was last year increased from £1 14s. to £1 16s. per cent. on the original sums assured, and they were able again to declare the same rate of bonus.

Turning to the Industrial Branch, the profit-sharing scheme had given very great satisfaction throughout the country. The amount now to be distributed would reach £600,000, being £60,000 more than last year. Of this sum £400,000, being four-sixths of the amount, would be given by way of an additional percentage to the sums assured for all cases which become claims in the Industrial Branch during the year. The remaining £200,000, the balance of the £600,000, would be equally divided between the shareholders and the outdoor staff. The rate of bonus on these policies which become claims approximates to an addition to the sum assured of 1 per cent. per annum, a rate which is certainly without parallel for an industrial company.

Speaking of the National Insurance Act, the Chairman stated that the confidence which the public had placed in the Prudential had been clearly demonstrated by the welcome given to their group of approved societies. Nearly three millions of members had been enrolled, and this year applications from new members were being received at the rate of about 2,000 a day. The sick benefits under the Act which were paid at the homes of the persons insured by their agents at the present time number from 40,000 to 50,000 cases a week.

In concluding, the Chairman said that the year had been one of great commercial activity, and the future seemed bright with possibilities.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

NYASSA RUBBER CO., LTD.

An extraordinary general meeting of the Nyassa Rubber Company (Ltd.), was held on the 3rd inst., at Salisbury House, London Wall, E.C.

Mr. G. St. L. Mowbray, who presided, said that when the shareholders three months ago appointed him Chairman he knew the task imposed on him was an exceedingly onerous one. The present directors took office at the time without any idea of personal gain, but only to look after their own interest and the interest of the shareholders. Their proposals had been laid before the shareholders for some weeks prior to the meeting, and they were generally approved, in the first place by a full majority of the cash shareholders, and subsequently by an enormous majority in the general meeting.

They found the company in a penniless condition, but within two months of taking office, they had been able to effect a very considerable and beneficial alteration in its affairs. They had wiped off most of the old debts without contracting new ones, and they had commenced the reorganisation of work on the plantations, besides effecting economies and improvements, both at home and in Africa. The company's credit had been somewhat restored.

The price of the shares had gone up on the market, and the result was that at the cost of a call of only 2s. per share, of which one-half was payable on Feb. 1st, they had been able to effect this considerable improvement, and to redeem the company's future. The agitation which had been started by a small shareholder, who had sent out a circular asking others to refrain from payment of any call, rendered it necessary to take proceedings against him, and the result of this was satisfactory to the company.

In consequence of it having been stated that the appointment of new secretaries, and the transfer of the company's account to a new bank was irregular, this meeting had been called to approve of what the directors had done. He pointed out that both these matters were fully gone into at the last meeting, and the position explained without any dissenting voice being raised. It was part of the directors' programme of effecting economies in the management.

Dealing with the financial aspect, the Chairman said that at the date of the general meeting the arrears of calls, making the shares 9s. paid, amounted to about £10,000, while the debts of the company were £7,000. The directors had been obliged to get their solicitor to enforce payment of these arrears, but in every case, when application had been made, time had been allowed. The arrears of calls had been reduced to about £4,500, and the liabilities of the company had been reduced to £1,500. They had remitted £1,200 to Nyassa, and had purchased and paid for a large amount of stores, materials, and manure, which had been shipped out.

The present arrangement provided that the secretaries and agents were to have £300 a year, for which they provided office, secretary, and staff, as compared with £600 a year and additional fees formerly paid. With regard to the proposed change of bankers, it was particularly important that they should have a bank which would render the company financial assistance, should it ever stand in need of it. Their experience in the matter of getting in the calls so far convinced them that this was a very important point.

In conclusion, he moved a resolution to the effect that the action of the directors in transferring the company's banking account to the London, Singapore, and Java Bank (Ltd.), and appointing the Indo-Malay and Colonial Agency (Ltd.) as secretaries, be confirmed.

Mr. Stuart seconded the resolution, which was carried with one dissentient.

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